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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1839. NO. 908.---VOL. XVIII.—NO. 1.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

COMPARATIVE ADVANTAGES OF ERROR AND TRUTH.

Error, plain and obviously, has some advantages in the present world, to which its temporary success is to be ascribed. Error can accommodate itself to all sorts of minds and sentiments, and interests, and fashions and prejudices. While truth must maintain one uniform consistent course, which will often bring it into conflict with the current of prevailing opinions, interests, fashions, and prejudices. And, in such a case, no doubt can exist which course will gain the most favor in the world. Error, also, can advance or recede, as circumstances require. It can be bold and open, where such a course will do. But more often it works under a disguise, and hides itself from the force of evidence or of argument, by denying its own character. But truth must ever be frank and sincere. It can never pretend to be one thing while it is another. It is therefore a conspicuous mark for all its enemies. Error can take advantage of all sorts of means and not injure itself. Falsehood and duplicity are its element, and will be used to the utmost in its course. And the deception of error is most frequently practiced by assuming false appearances and names. Thus, like its author, the father of lies, it often transforms itself into an angel of light. Is any institution popular, or, is any course of means or measures sustained by an unusual share of public confidence and patronage, error will soon avail itself of the popularity, and the reverence by filling the external forms and organization with its own spirit. For this reason, there is no safety in cleaving to ancient forms, or inquiring for old paths, if we go no farther than the outwad appearance. And thus, error, while by its internal spirit it satisfies those who love error, at the same time, by its external plausibility, it deludes and draws into its service many of the friends of truth, and thus, its members are not only swelled, but rendered respectable, and kept in countenance. For, it is a remarkable fact, that error, in most circumstances, dreads nothing so much as to be called by its right name. Nothing will wound or alarm the advocates of error, so much as to find themselves left in the company of their own avowed friends. They are greatly desirous to keep up correct appearances, that they may draw over to themselves some who are had in reputation, to take away their reproach.

Indeed, there is no way in which the temporary advantages of error appear more remarkable, than that by which it lays the friends of truth under contribution to support its cause, and thus, as it were, compels them to commit suicide in defence of the cause which they really abhor.

One of these ways has been already brought to view; viz., by filling those forms and institutions which have received the confidence of the good with its own spirit, and thus deceiving those who are guided by the appearance. Large streams of patronage are thus pouring in from correct sources, to fill up the coffers of error. Hundreds and thousands are thus drawn from the pockets of the friends of truth, which go to overthrow their own cause, and to undermine their own interests. It is a fact which ought to be known and seriously pondered, that error owes a great proportion of its support, respectability and success, to the means which it extorts in one way and another, from the friends of truth: and the principal way is above stated; by assuming delusive appearances, so that many contribute and contribute largely for the support of error, while they suppose they are contributing to the directly opposite cause: and if a murmur is heard, then, you are enemies to all that is good. Here is an advantage which error has. For truth can assume no appearance but its own. It can therefore derive no support from the friends of error; they are never duped; their credulity is never imposed upon, for truth has no arts of that kind.

But another method by which error lays the friends of truth under contribution, is, by bringing them into a dilemma, in which the patronage of error is made to appear the lesser of two evils, and is chosen in preference to a greater impending calamity. In every community, great or small, there is a sprinkling of the friends of error, sufficient, if they attempt it, to make disturbance, and cause trouble. These, though the minority, may combine together, and threaten discord and division, unless their terms are complied with. There shall be no peace or quietness, they proclaim, unless the whole community grant their wishes. And, to make the contribution sit as easy as possible, they make their terms appear very light and reasonable. They are really nothing at all, or nothing but a trifle, a mere shade of difference. But trifle and shade as it is, there can be no concession on their part. Every measure and means which counteract their trifles and shades, are met with the spirit of determined hostility, of unrelenting persecution. The dilemma then is, that the friends of truth must consent to swallow the pill thus gilded and sweetened, or they must have contention and all the evil works which a few mischief makers can raise. The lesser evil appears to the friends of truth and of peace, to be, to take the pill, bitter as it is to their taste. —They concede to what they dislike, but of which, as to the extent of evil, they do not see a lithe. They recede from their own principles, for the sake of peace; they receive a religious teacher, they take a religious publication of a doubtful character, hoping for the best. They contribute to support a doubtful case, hoping it will be better than our fears. But no sooner is their concession made, no sooner is one contribution drawn forth, than the same dilemma is again presented under more alarming circumstances, and with a more assuredair.—Thus the work goes on, until the opportunity of defending the cause of truth is gone forever; and the friends of that cause find their concessions have been only suicidal acts. But truth has no advantage of this kind. Being in itself essentially peaceable, it cannot resort to the threats of disturbance to effect its purposes. Being benevolent, it resorts to no persecution. It presents no dilemma between evils in itself and evils which it can occasion. It contains no evil. It occasions none. These are the advantages of error. There is, however, another side to the picture. Truth has one advantage over error. It is the cause of God, the cause which he loves, which he will patronise and bless. And though its humble advocates may be brought before kings and governors for its sake, though they may suffer the loss of all things earthly, though they may be persecuted and counted the offscouring of all things, though they may have trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments, though they may be stoned, sawn asunder, tempted, slain with the sword, though they wander about in sheep skins and goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, yet God is their friend, and will be their exceeding great reward.—The sincere friends of truth, if they are faithful unto death, will receive a crown of life.

[From the Boston Recorder.]

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Inasmuch as the stated public worship of God is one of the most important of duties and one of the most precious of privileges, every thing should be done to secure as large an attendance as possible. And one means of accomplishing this, is to have places of worship furnished with every needed comfort and convenience. In this respect the sanctuary should be made as attractive as possible.—There should be nothing repulsive in the idea of a visit there. And, at this inclement season of the year especially should all reasonable pains be taken in this respete.

We feel the full importance of the injunction, 'Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein;' but we do not think this binds us to the custom of some of our ancestors in regard to the sanctuary.—We remember where we worshipped in our youthful days. We trust there was *sacred fire* in the hearts of many that were accustomed to worship there. But fire to make shivering multitudes comfortable was never seen within those walls. It makes us feel chilly this moment while thinking of the cold, frozen, lingering hours we have passed there. We remember well that during the latter part of each service, here was a regular scuffle with the cold, on the part of the most grave and worthy of the congregation. —There was a thumping of feet against one another to keep each warm, not on the part of us 'small fry' alone, but even of the 'old standards,' that one would think he was in a treadmill instead of a sanctuary. We believe the men in those days loved the house of prayer—but then they loved to leave it too, and they did so, with as much eagerness as was becoming in good men.

Some houses of worship in some parts of the country are built too, not only where several ways meet, which may be desirable, but where all the winds meet. We have seen not a few sanctuaries placed where the old mischief maker would have advised, had he been consulted, on the ground that so uncomfortable a location would ensure empty pews and naked walls.

It is marvellous how comfortable people will make their own dwellings, and how uncomfortable they suffer their places of worship to remain. See that rickety old stove. It is patched with iron hoops, or it would tumble flat as the walls of Jericho. Ask the Squire if he would have it in his parlor! And there are the broken windows—count them, and ask Capt. X. Y. Z. if he would suffer a tithe of them to remain in his own house twelve hours! And there is 'a small jag' of green wood; it makes one shiver to think how one's mortality must ache, before that wood can be made combustible.

And then the fires are not made in season; and troops of the people are gathered about the stove till near or quite 'sermon time.' And for want of due care and judgment in relation to the matter, the stoves must be replenished during service; and it is done to the unutterable annoyance of the speaker, who must cease pro tem, altogether, or go on amid a most anti-musical conflict of shovels, tongs and iron doors.

More. Some places of public worship in the country are not provided with any places of shelter for horses and vehicles. On this peg is hung many a man's excuse for not attending public worship in unpleasant weather. He is merciful to his beast, and will not have him too rudely visited by snow or rain.—Hence you need only to walk into one of those sanctuaries on an unpleasant day, and there need not be any thing alarming in the weather either, to behold a most sorrowful vacuity, and a sorrowful pastor mourning over it. You would think yourself in the sad solitude of a forsaken heathen temple. We think that the spirited and enterprising, especially the friends of Zion, in such parishes, should spare no pains, and not be frugal of expence, to do away such a pretence for the neglect of public worship.

We have seen some valuable remarks on the general topic now before us, in the Vermont Chronicle, from the Secretary of the Vermont Domestic Missionary Society.—We commend the following extract, to all whom it may concern.

'In Dec. of 1837, I spent the Sabbath with the pastor of one of our feeble churches. The hour of public worship arrived, and I prepared to go to the meeting-house. The pastor looked toward the house and said, 'We will wait, while, for I fear the *fire is not made yet*.' It was a cold day, and this remark rendered it to my feelings still colder. We waited ten or fifteen minutes, and my brother said, 'I see a smoke, and I think we will go.' As we approached the house, I saw a brother take out of his sleigh, in which he had just brought his family, a large arm full of wood, and carry it into the house. When we entered the house, the fire in the stoves had but just been kindled, and the cold air had not yet been affected by the heat. Very many in the immediate neigborhood, habitually absented themselves from the sanctuary. And I could not but think how the members of the church would appear inviting their irreligious neighbors to go with them to the house of God, which, through their negligence was so uncomfortably cold, at least during the morning service.'

By way of contrast with some houses of worship, look at our theatres, gambling houses, and the like. Every kind of convenience and comfort are provided. Every thing repulsive is guarded against. Satan knows how to manage this thing. Deliver over to him one of our uncomfortable sanctuaries to be prepared by him for some of his own purposes. He would mend every broken window in a trice. The fallen plastering—the departed clapboard—the defunct shingle—all these things would be forthwith supplied. He would pitch the green wood into the street, or the sea even, and supply its place with the best originators of caloric his means would allow. He would not have a smoky house, nor a cold house, nor put the house where nothing but a windmill ought ever to stand. He understands the science of adaption. All our cities contain specimens of his capacity to banish every idea of repulsiveness from his sanctuaries, and to adapt means most skillfully to ends. We would wish the children of light were wiser in these matters. Fas est doceri ab hoste.—Let the enemy teach us. It will not be the first time his weapons have been turned against himself.

PIETY THE SAME EVERY WHERE.

The similarity of feeling in the experience of the pious has often been remarked, and has been justly considered a strong evidence of the divine origin of experimental religion; for how otherwise can this uniformity of the views and feelings of the pious in all ages and countries be accounted for? Enthusiasm assumes a thousand different shapes and hues, and is marked by no uniform characteristics, but scriptural piety is the same now as in the days of David and Asaph: the same as when Paul lived; the same as experienced by the pious fathers of the Christian church—the same as described by the Reformers, by the Puritans, and by the evangelical preachers and writers of the present day. When the gospel takes effect on any of the heathen, although it is certain that they never had the opportunity of learning any thing of this kind from others, yet we find them expressing the same feelings which are common to other Christians. Persons from different quarters of the globe, whose vernacular tongue is entirely different, yet speak the same language in religion. Members of churches who hold no communion, and who, perhaps, view each other, when at a distance, as heretics,—often, when brought together, recognize in one another dear brethren, who are of one mind in their religious experience.

The late eminently pious and learned theologian, the Rev. Dr Livingston, related to me, not many years before his decease, a pleasing anecdote, which will serve to illustrate the point under consideration, and which I communicate to the public more willingly, because I do not know that he has left any record of it behind him. While a student at the University of Utrecht, a number of pious persons from the town, and among the students, were accustomed to meet for free conversation on experimental religion, and for prayer and praise in a social capacity. On one of these occasions, when the similarity of the exercises of the pious, in all countries and ages, was the subject of conversation, it was remarked by one of the company that there was then present a representative from each of the four quarters of the world. These were Dr Livingston, from America, a young man from the Cape of Good Hope, in Africa, another student from one of the Dutch possessions in the East Indies, and many natives of Europe of course. It was, therefore, proposed, that, at the next meeting, the three young gentlemen first referred to, together with an eminently pious young nobleman of Holland, should each give a particular narrative of the rise and progress of the work of grace in his soul. The proposal was universally acceptable; and accordingly a narrative was heard from a native of each of the four quarters of the globe, of their views and feelings, of their trials and temptations, &c. The result was highly gratifying to all present; and I think Dr Livingston said it was generally admitted, by those present, that they had never before witnessed so interesting a scene.—*Alexander's Essay.*

(From the Evangelist.)

PERMANENCY OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

Rev. Mr Stow in his lectures to Sabbath school teachers, related the following facts to illustrate the nature of impressions made in early life, and to show the probability that impressions once made are never lost. These facts recommend themselves with great force to the serious attention of parents and teachers, and all who have the care of children.

A lady in the last stage of a chronic disease, was taken to the country, carrying an infant child. Years after, that child was carried to the same place, and into the same room. As she entered the room, she started back, and said, 'I have a distinct recollection, that in some time of my life I was in this room, and there was a lady in that corner, who bent over me and wept.'

An early settler in the country carried with him a small quantity of specie. As there was danger from the French and Indians, he thought proper to conceal it. Accordingly, taking with him his little son, who was not old enough to understand the transaction, he buried his treasure in the earth. The father was suddenly taken away; and the concealed treasure became an object of search. Years after the little son dreamed that the money could be found in a certain place, and so it turned out. This dream was nothing more than a reviving of an early impression.

A lad of my acquaintance in this city, for years a member of the Sabbath school, was taken with the typhus fever, and during the paroxysms of derangement, his language and conversation were of a religious character—his prayers were fervent, and in a style far above his years, he would repeat whole chapters from the Bible. His friends were encouraged to hope that he was truly prepared to die: but he recovered, and it all passed away as a vision of the night—the boy himself had no recollection of what had passed. These were doubtless impressions which had been received in the Sabbath school at an early period, and revived by the action of the fever on the brain.

Dr Abernethy had a patient, who had been known to speak only in the English language: but in the paroxysm of mental derangement, he spoke in French. It was afterwards ascertained that he had lived in a French family in early life.

Dr Rush informs us of one who spoke, in his paroxysms of insanity, first in English, then in French, and then in Italian. He was born in Italy, had lived in France, and subsequently resided among the English.

A Lutheran clergyman near Philadelphia says that the aged Swiss and Germans in the old settled parts of Pennsylvania, when near death, uniformly speak their native language, although it has not been, for many years, in common use among them.

A deeply pious lady of my acquaintance, when delirious, is awfully profane. In early life, she was in a situation where she was exposed to hear such language: and the excitement of delirium revived the impression.

How will you account for the fact that the aged will recollect the impressions of early life, while those of later years have long passed away?

Men who are intoxicated talk religiously. Examine their history, and you will find, that in early life they were in religious families; and the influence of alcohol upon the brain revives those impressions. These facts I have mentioned, to show that impressions in early life are deep and permanent. Perhaps, however, it would be difficult to show that an idea once impressed upon the mind is ever lost. It is not to be supposed that, because impressions are for a time effaced from the memory, that they are lost. A faded manuscript may be made legible by the action of chemical substances.

If Mr Stow's views are correct, how fearful is the responsibility of those who have the care of children and youth! And what incessant watchfulness should they exercise, to prevent their being exposed to evil impressions. Who has not been annoyed by the voluntary reviving of [illegible] by the power of association [illegible] in places when they were [illegible].

TO COVERDALE'S BIBLE OF 1535-6.

[illegible]:

[illegible] a man that hast wife and children, first love thy wife, according to the example of the love, wherewith Christ loved the congregation, and remember that so doing, thou lovest even thyself: if thou hate her, thou hatest thine own flesh: if thou cherish her and make much of her, thou cherishest and makest much of thyself, for she is bone of thy bone and flesh of thy flesh. And whosoever thou be that hast children, bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord (Ephes. vi. 4:) and if thou be ignorant, or art otherwise occupied lawfully, that thou canst not teach them thyself, then be even as diligent to seek a good master for thy children as thou wast to seek a mother to bear them: for there lieth as great weight in the one as in the other: better it were for thee to be unborn, than not to fear God, or to be evil brought up, which thing (I mean training up well of children) if it be diligently looked to, it is the upholding of all commonwealths: and the negligence of the same, the very decay of all realms.

'Finally, whosoever thou be, take these words of scripture into thy heart, and be not only an outward hearer, but a doer thereafter, and practise thyself therein: that thou mayest feel in thine heart the sweet promises thereof, for thy consolation in all trouble, and for the sure establishing of thy hope in Christ; and have ever an eye to the words of scripture, that if thou be a teacher of others, thou mayest be within the bounds of the truth, or at the least, though thou be but an hearer or reader of another man's doings, thou mayest yet have knowledge to judge all spirits, and be free from every error, to the utter destruction of all seditious sects and strange doctrines, that the holy scripture may have free passage, and be had in reputation, to the worship of the author thereof, which is even God himself: to whom for his most blessed word be glory and dominion now and ever. Amen.'

[From the Watchman of the South.]

INFLUENCE OF AN ELDER SISTER.

Among the many topics which have, within a few years, been brought more before the public mind than formerly, female influence holds a prominent place. Much has been said of it as exerted by mothers and teachers, and it is a most cheering circumstance, that the efforts to lead those who sustain these relations to see and feel their responsibility, have not been made without success. There is, however, one class of the female community, which has, I think, been too much overlooked, and of whose influence less has been said than of almost any other. I refer to the influence of an *elder sister*.

No one, who has mingled much with the world, can have failed to notice the difference existing between families as regards the harmony which prevails among their members, and almost every one has observed the different feelings with which young men, after having left the paternal roof, regard the home of their childhood. Undoubtedly much of this difference is owing to a father's example, and a mother's moulding hand, yet much, very much depends on the sister.

And we can easily see how this is the case. A young man leaves home to engage in the business of one of our large commercial cities. He has previously been under the judicious parental restraint of a Christian family, and has ever been surrounded by religious influence. He leaves all this, and finds himself almost overcome by the many temptations which press upon him. His youthful impressions remain unaffected for some time, and he stands firm, resolutely resisting all attempts to lead him astray. The usual cares devolving upon the head of a family must necessarily prevent his parents from writing often to him, and as, like all others of the human race, he needs line upon line and precept upon precept,' the young man is in great danger of yielding to sin. Now let the letter of a refined, intelligent, beloved sister come to him weekly, full of the little details which though trifling in themselves are nevertheless calculated to keep alive in his breast a strong interest in the family circle, and he is probably saved from the gulf of ruin into which too many plunge.

During a long life it has been my lot to reside many years near one of our principal colleges, and often have I been struck with admiration at the gentle, but all-constraining influence of a sister's love, on those, who, from natural levity of spirit, or from habits of dissipation, seemed perfectly reckless. On one occasion a rebellion seemed just ready to break out among the students. One of them, a wild youth, was besought by an intimate elderly friend not to commit himself in any way with the disaffected party, but as he saw the cloud was about to burst, to retire to his own apartment. 'Don't ask me, Mrs. G., I can't stay in my room,' was his reply. In vain was he reminded, that, expelled from that institution, he could never enter another—that this step might, and probably would shade all his future prospects in life. 'It would be glorious to be expelled in such a cause—I should never regret it if I were sent home tomorrow,' said he. The good lady as a last resort exclaimed, 'But your sisters, who take so much pride and pleasure in your well-doing, how will they feel at the disgrace of their brother?' He was silent for some minutes, then rising, said, 'You have conquered, madam—I could never see sister Julia—again—I shall not leave my room to-night happen what will.' And he kept his word. That week witnessed the expulsion of several of George B.'s most intimate friends, yet he stood firm, and lives an ornament to his country, to bless God for a sister's love.

Yet it is as an active Christian, that the influence of a sister is most deeply felt. 'Never,' said a foreign missionary now in Heaven, 'Never did I feel the reality of religion, till I saw it transforming my proud, though kind and affectionate elder sister, into a meek and humble Christian. Then, indeed, I saw its power, and felt that the efficacy was of God.' The parents of this young man were active devoted children of God, and they had acted on the principle, that their eldest daughter was to assist them in forming the characters of their younger offspring. They were not disappointed. The younger members of the family 'rise up and call *her* blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her,' for by thus doing good in her youth, she is better prepared to act her part as a wife and mother.

If it be true, that a sister's influence is so very important, ought not parents to feel while training their *eldest* daughter, that, (instead of being indulged because she is the eldest, as is too often the case,) she should be *more* carefully watched over, *more* strictly disciplined, and that, in educating aright this child, they are lightening their future burden? And shall not the daughters of our land feel, that upon them rests, in some measure, the responsibility of forming the characters of their brothers. O, shall they not come up to the labor which devolves upon them, and so live and act, that the generation now coming upon the stage of action, shall be one which shall be eminently virtuous and holy—one which God will delight to bless.

G. S.

November, 26, 1838.

THREE PICTURES OF BOSTON.

(Extract from Mr Everett's Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, at the celebration of its Eighteenth Anniversary, September 13, 1838.)

To understand the character of the commerce of our own city, we must not look merely at one point, but at the whole circuit of country, of which it is the business centre. We must not contemplate it only at this present moment of time, but we must bring before our imaginations, as in the shifting scenes of a diorama, at least three successive historical and topographical pictures; and truly instructive I think it would be, to see them delineated on canvas. We must survey the first of them in the company of the venerable John Winthrop, the founder of the State. Let us go up with him, on the day of his landing, the seventeenth of June, 1630, to the heights of yonder peninsula, as yet without a name. Landward stretches a dismal forest; seaward a waste of waters, unspotted with a sail, except that of his own ship. At the foot of the hill, you see the cabins of Walford and the Sprague, who, the latter a year before, the former still earlier, had adventured to this spot, untenanted else by any child of civilization. On the other side of the river lies Mr Blackstone's farm. It comprises three goodly hills, converted by a spring-tide into three wood-crowned islets; and it is mainly valued for a noble spring of fresh water, which gushes from the northern slope of one of these hills, and which furnished, in the course of the summer, the motive for transferring the seat of the infant settlement. This shall be the first picture.

The second shall be contemplated from the same spot, the heights of Charlestown; on the same day, the eventful seventeenth of June, one hundred and forty-five years later, namely, in the year 1775. A terrific scene of war rages on the top of the hill. Wait for a favorable moment, when the volumes of fiery smoke roll away, and over the masts of that sixty-gun ship, whose batteries are blazing upon the hill, you behold Mr Blackstone's farm changed to an ill-built town of about two thousand dwelling-houses, mostly of wood, with scarce any public buildings but eight or nine churches, the old State-house, and Faneuil Hall; Roxbury beyond, an insignificant village; a vacant marsh, in all the space now occupied by Cambridgeport and East Cambridge, by Chelsea and East Boston; and beneath your feet the town of Charlestown, consisting in the morning of a line of about three hundred houses, wrapped in a sheet of flames at noon, and reduced at eventide to a heap of ashes.

But those fires are kindled on the altar of liberty. American independence is established. American commerce smiles on the spot; and now from the top of one of the triple hills of Mr Blackstone's farm, a stately edifice arises, which seems to invite us as to an observatory. As we look down from this lofty structure, we behold the third picture: a crowded, busy scene. We see beneath us a city containing eighty or ninety thousand inhabitants, and mainly built of brick and granite. Vessels of every description are moored at the wharves. Long lines of commodious and even stately houses cover a space which, within the memory of man, was in a state of nature. Substantial blocks of warehouses and stores have forced their way to the channel. Faneuil Hall itself, the consecrated and unchangeable, has swelled to twice its original dimensions. Athenæums, hospitals, asylums, and infirmaries, adorn the streets. The school-house rears its modest front in every quarter of the city, and sixty or seventy churches attest that the children are content to walk in the good old ways of their fathers. Connected with the city by eight bridges, avenues, or ferries, you behold a range of towns most of them municipally distinct, but all of them in reality forming with Boston one vast metropolis, animated by one commercial life. Shading off from these, you see that most lovely background, a succession of happy settlements, spotted with villas, farm-houses and cottages; united to Boston by a constant intercourse; sustaining the capital from their fields and gardens, and prosperous in the reflux of the city's wealth. Of the social life included within this circuit, and of all that in times past has adorned and ennobled it, commercial industry has been an active element, and has exalted itself by its intimate association with everything else we hold dear. Within this circuit what memorials strike the eye; what recollections; what institutions; what patriotic treasures and names that cannot die! There lie the canonized precincts of Lexington and Concord; there rise the sacred heights of Dorchester and Charlestown; there is Harvard, the ancient and venerable, foster-child of public and private liberality in every part of the State; to whose existence Charlestown gave the first impulse, to whose growth and usefulness the opulence of Boston has at all times ministered with open hand. Still farther on than the eye can reach, four lines of communication by railroad and steam have within our own day united with the capital, by bands of iron, a still broader circuit of towns and villages. Hark to the voice of life and business which sounds along the lines! While we speak, one of them is shooting onward to the illimitable west, and all are uniting with the other kindred enterprises, to form one harmonious and prosperous whole, in which town and country, agriculture and manufactures, labor and capital, art and nature—wrought and compacted into one grand system—are constantly gathering and diffusing, concentrating and radiating the economical, the social, the moral blessings of a liberal and diffusive commerce.

In mere prosperity and the wealth it diffuses, there is no ground for moral approbation; though I believe in any long period of time it will be found that those communities only are signally prosperous where virtuous principle is revered as the rule of conduct. It is the chief glory of our commercial community, that the old standard of morals is still kept up; that industry and frugality are still held in honorable repute; that the rage for speculation has not eaten out the vitals of character, and that lucky fraud, though plated stiff with ill-gotten treasure, dare not yet lift up its bold, unblushing face in the presence of the humblest man, who eats the bread of honest industry.

So may it still remain; and let it still be your object, gentlemen of the Mercantile Library Association, to uphold this well-approved character of our ancient metropolis. Never let the mere acquisition of wealth be an exclusive pursuit. Consider it of tenfold importance to manifest, in all the transactions of life, that quick sense of honor 'which feels a stain like a wound,' and that integrity which the mines of Peru could not bend from the path of principle. Let wealth be regarded as the instrument of doing as well as of enjoying good. In a republican government, the mercantile class, in the natural course of things, is the only one whose members, generally speaking, can amass fortune; let it be written on your hearts in the morning of life, that wealth is ennobled only in its uses. Form, from the first, a large conception of the character of the liberal and upright merchant. Regard him as one to whom the country looks to sustain her honor in the hour of trial; to uphold her public establishments, to endow her charities, to be the father of her orphans: as one whom no success will make ashamed of his vocation; who will adorn his days of prosperity with moderation and temper, and hold fast his integrity, though fortunes turn to ashes in his grasp. Improve the opportunities for cultivation your minds which this institution presents, never greater than at this season; and the still farther and peculiar opportunities for mental improvement, which will shortly be placed within the reach of the young men of Boston, in consequence of the recent munificent bequest of Mr Lowell. The keys of knowledge are in your hands; the portals of her temple are open to you. On the shelves of her libraries there are stores of information, which, besides contributing to your success in your calling, will give grace to good fortune, and

comfort and resource in disaster. Above all, while you pursue with spirit the business of your vocation, and follow the paths of enterprise to the ends of the earth, let a well-instructed conscience be the companion of your way. Her guidance will safely lead you, when calculation is bewildered and prudence is at fault. Though your hope in all else be blasted, fail not, my young friends, to acquire the pearl of great price, that wisdom whose merchandize is better than the merchandize of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold. Let this be the object of your life, and while the guilty glories of war are deprecated by mankind and the weary honors of successful ambition weigh like lead on the wearer, you will enjoy, in the esteem and gratitude of the community and the peace of your own minds, the happy portion of THE LIBERAL AND UPRIGHT MERCHANT.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A PARABLE.

One day the queen of Sheba gave Solomon a ring, with many score of oxen. She bade him bestow it on the wisest of his sages. So Solomon commanded his wise men to appear before him on the feast of the full moon. They came from Bethel and Dan; the court and the school of the Prophets.

Then King Solomon arrayed in the regal robes sat on his throne; the sceptre of Jehovah in his right hand. The queen of Sheba sat beside him. He commanded his sages to speak. Many opened their mouths and discoursed right eloquently. They told of many things. The eyes of the queen shone like the dew drops which quiver at sunrise on the peach-blossom. Solomon was sad.

At last one arose of courtly mein. He told of wondrous cities in far lands. How the sun scalds the dew in Sahara. How it forsakes the chill north, for whole months, leaving the cold moon in its place. He spoke of the Fleets that go down to the sea: he told how they weave flax at Tyrus; spin gold at Ophir; of the twisted shell that comes from Oroba, and the linen of Egypt that endures the fire. He spoke of fleets; of laws; the art that makes men happy.

Truly he is wise, said the King. But let others speak.

Another came forth. He was young in years. His cheek was burning with enthusiasm. The fire of genius shone in his eye like the day-star, when all the others are swallowed up in Light. He spoke of the works of the great ONE. Told how the Cedar of Lebanon, when the sun kisses its forehead, lifts up its great arms with a shout, shaking off the feathery snow in winter; or the pearly dew in autumn to freshen the late calms that glitters at its foot. He spoke of the Elephant, the Antelope, the Jackal, the Eagle, the Mule. He knew them all. He told of the fish that make glad the waters as the seasons dance the frolic round above their heads. He sang in liquid softness, of the daughters of air who melt the Heaven into song. He rose to the stars; spake of old Chaos; of the World the offspring of Love. He spoke of the stars; the Crown, Mazzaroth, and the tall ladder Jacob saw. He sang again the star-song of creation.

He is wiser than Solomon, said the King. To him belongs the prize.

But at that moment some men in humble garb brought a stranger unwillingly along. His raiment was poor, but comely and snow white. [illegible] bor was on his hand; the dust [illegible] his sandals. His beard, long [illegible] t down to his girdle, a sweet [illegible] eping infant's sat unconscious on [illegible] ye was the angel's lamp that burns in still devotion, before the court of Paradise, making the Day. As he leaned on his shepherd-staff in the gay court, a blush, like a girl's, stole over his cheek.

Speak, said the King.

I have nothing to say, exclaimed the hoary man. I know only how unwise and frail I am. I am no sage.

And Solomon's countenance arose. By the Sceptre of El-Shaddai I charge thee to speak, thou ancient man.

Then he began. My study is myself; my acts, my sentiment. I learn how frail I am. But revere the fire that divinely burns in me. I, of myself, can know nothing. I listen to that voice within—and I know all, I can do all. Then he spoke of his Glees and his Glooms; his Hopes; his Aspirations; his Faith. He spoke of nature, the modest trees; the pure and guardian stars. When he came to Him who is ALL IN ALL—he bowed his face and was dumb.

Give him the ring, said Solomon. He knows himself, he is the wisest. The Spirit of the Holy is in him.

Take back the gift, said the sage, I need it not. He that knows himself needs no reward. He knows God. He sees the All of things. Alas, I do but feebly know myself. I deserve no ring. Let me return to my Home and my Duty.

T. P.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SKETCHES OF A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

With the return of the New Year the presents from the past should not be forgotten, and we wish to revive the attention of the public to a gift from the gifted, yclept, 'Sketches of a New England Village.'

It consists of reminiscences of the writer's early life in a New England Village, and is calculated to interest at any season of life. To the young it must be advantageous from the pure morals it inculcates: the middle aged will be refreshed, by being transported to the season when

> 'The earth, the sea, the air, the skies
> To them were opening paradise;'

and the old should read it for the same solace; besides, there are some delightful pictures of maturity and age.

The writer purports to be advanced in life, and introduces us to primitive New England, to her peaceful and lovely home, and we become a party in its innocent domestic pleasures. The pleasures were refined, though the family possessed but few books; such as they had 'were not only read, they were studied and got by heart.' One or two volumes which were difficult to obtain, such as Cowper's Task, were transcribed.

Few visitors as well as few books was the lot, happy or unhappy as the reader may call it, of this family, but their visitors, as their books, were read, re-read, and transcribed in the interior of their hearts. Listen to the description:

'Now and then a gifted individual would wander to our Patmos, and it is difficult for those who are in the midst of all that is refined and intellectual in daily intercourse, to understand the intense delight with which we listened, and the care with which every chance word and every passing thought of genius were treasured and remembered and dwelt upon.'

Then follows another description of these primitive and we fear by-gone times.

'All the clergymen came to our fireside as a home. We had a little apartment called the prophet's chamber, where a bed was always kept prepared; and as there was no bolt or lock on either of our doors, they frequently arrived after the family had retired to rest. Providing shelter and food for their horses in the stable, and finding an unguarded way to the diary, they afterwards went to the prophet's chamber, and the first we knew of our guest was his appearance at breakfast the next morning.'

What blessed days—no bolts nor bars, locks or keys needed! Such as look with incredulity upon human honesty will say, in those days there was no risk, for there was nought to take from poor clergymen with a stipend of two hundred a year, 'paid neverly,' as 'one of the order said from woful experience.'

There is another thing related unknown in these degenerate times, a domestic who was an heir loom in the family. She was a woman of all work, and possessed of no small influence. Her Sunday dress was peculiar if not unique,—'A yellow satin skirt with flowers worked all over it, and an open brocade gown with a train.' Her week day garb, like her phraseology, was homely. 'On days of prayer, minister's meetings and ordinations, poor Hannah used to say she could do very well with the ministers, but they brought so many aligators (meaning delegates) with them, that they ate all before them.'

The book contains many beautiful and touching incidents, with sketches of character conveyed in tones of deep sensibility. Here is a picturesque view, at the same time touching. The minister invited the distant families of his parish to dine every Sabbath. 'In the summer a long table was spread, with bread, milk, and cheese, under the trees in the orchard, in the winter by the kitchen fire. The summer repast was always delightful. We, children, waited upon them, poured out the milk for the old men, tended the infants, and with this simple custom, Sunday was made a holiday for the indulgence of our best affections.'

The traits in this book are generally pensero-ro, but now and then fancy, like the aurora borealis, illumines the darkness. Such is the sketch of the sexton, 'one of those simple, idle, small-witted vagabonds, whom Providence seems to take special care of.' The description of his dress is a match for that of Hannah's.

'My father's old clothes always descended to him, even to the three cornered hat; and as my father was twice his size, and the clothes were without alteration, his appearance on Sundays was most grotesque, when the only variations from a complete suit, were grey yarn stockings and a reddish wig, surmounting, not covering his grey locks.

As soon as the minister reached the steps of the meeting house, he quitted the bell-rope, and preceding him up the aisle to the door of the pulpit, he held it respectfully open till the clergyman was seated. With the old clothes and the colored hat, he looked like a clever caricature of a well dressed person.'

There is a winning description of old age, presented in the widow of a minister, who at the age of ninety, preserved her vivacity and powers of conversation. 'The attributes that belong to immortality,' says the writer, 'are those that keep us young. Thought, imagination, affection, self devoting love, can never grow old.'

The effect of the work is pure and holy. We hope the new year will waft us similar sketches. In these days of steam-boats and rail-roads, we would sometimes prefer loitering in the little boat, watching the rippling of the waves, or turn aside to the by paths, and forest recesses, to pluck the fresh springing flowers.

Cambridge.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—A true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; his virtue is his business; his study, his recreation; contentedness his rest, his happiness his reward; God is his father, and the Church is his mother; the saints his brethren; all that need him his friends, and Heaven his inheritance; Religion his mistress, Loyalty and Justice his two maids of honor, Devotion is his chaplain, Chastity his chambermaid; Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasurer, Piety his mistress of the house, and Discretion his porter, to let in and out as is most fit. Thus is the whole family made of virtues, and he is the true master of the family. He is necessitated to take the world in his way to Heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can; but all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two words, *He is a man and a Christian.—Christian Magazine.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 5, 1839.

Reader, whosoever thou art, we wish you a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

If thou bearest us good will or malice; or if thou art uncertain in thy regard; or indifferent; we tender to you, without guile or grudging, a new and large wish fresh from the heart.

If you are already happy—may your joy be to all the better principles of your nature as the early sun to the tender herbs while the dew is yet fresh upon their leaves.

If you are in adversity—may your tranquil soul await, in hope, God's time to renew your felicity; as the shaded lake, by night reflects the stars in its calm bosom, till the sun arises and the laughing breeze of morning again calls up its consenting waters to a sparkling dance.

If you are rich—may God keep your generous heart from the canker and the care of wealth, and give you richly to enjoy your abundance.

If you are poor— may your soul wax brave and pure on the body's meagre fare, and God soon give you more than that daily bread which is all that you ask Him for.

If you are a Sinner?—so is the best—may you neither be hardened nor despair,—but through gentle penitence come to hear the sweet whispers of Pardon.

In fine, whatever your estate, dear reader, abate never a jot of hope; throw open your heart to the embrace and influences of the Paternal Spirit that encompasses, enlivens and sanctifies the Universe; injure no man even in thought; look well to the plain commandments; lose no opportunity of mercy; get wisdom; get understanding; get tranquillity; keep your eyes fixed on Heaven; and then you will have no better than we wish you, and no more than God offers.

PERIODICALS.

The principal periodicals all commence the year in a form and condition that calls for the highest praise.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, furnishes several very valuable, learned, and well written Articles. The following is the table of contents.

Micali on the Ancient Italians; Early French Travellers in the West; Nautical Discovery in the Northwest; Bowditch's Translation of the Mecanique Celeste; Stephens's Travels in the East; International Copyright; Du Ponceau on the Chinese System of Writing; Critical Notices.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, always acceptable, and often highly creditable to its Editors & to Unitarian Literature, has, in this 90th number, surpassed its former merits. Its present issue spreads before its readers a rich and splendid feast.

The following is from an elaborate and well written article entitled,

CATHOLICISM IN ITALY.

From all we have said it naturally appears, that although the traditions of their annals, long custom, and natural adhesiveness bind the Italians to what has been for a long course of years the exclusive creed of their fathers, although they look at the cross not only as a sign of universal redemption, but as a standard of national reunion and regeneration, still the progressive attacks of Protestantism, and the sudden ravages of philosophy have undermined the Catholic edifice, where it had laid its deepest foundations; and the generous souls, who show the most anxiety for its preservation, inwardly feel and openly admit the necessity of a general reformation. It appears, that, with the exception of the Catholic name, which will be perhaps adhered to through patriotic pride and delicacy, and of a few harmless mysteries and august rites, which will be respected partly through veneration and partly through policy, the general tenets of the creed of the Italians will soon be found on a level with those most generally received among the Protestant denominations. It appears, that public opinion has already, taken long since, and is now more than ever evidently taking that course, though its general manifestation is retarded by a fatal combination of political evils against which that unfortunate nation is struggling. The noblest pledge, the Italians can give, of their being ripe for more generous institutions, is the general moderation, the tolerant, conciliating spirit that reigns among them, though we are grieved to say that it is partly owing to the state of religious apathy into which they have fallen. When flagrant scandals and continual abuses are conspiring with a progressive culture and a [illegible] inquisitiveness to dishearten the most intrepid zeal,—when in the general relaxing of the bonds of proscription every man is obliged to come to partial exceptions and restictions, to choose his own way, and form, as it were, a distinct sect by himself, he must easily know how to value the advantages of freedom of thought, and feel disposed to look upon the opinions of others with that same indulgence and impartiality that he would fain claim for his own.

The church herself has been obliged to learn forbearance from her repeated discomfitures. The thunders of the Vatican are mute, like the craters of an extinguished volcano. The monk walks downcast and wo-begone. The crafty priest tries new ways to popularity by affecting liberality of maxims and libertinism of manners. In a great number of civil and literary associations all subjects leading to religious controversies are absolutely forbidden. Neither in private nor in public life is the iudividual any longer accountable for his conduct to the church or the government. Stranger to say, that very country, where not long ago only one religion was tolerated, is now perhaps that, where more than in any other country it is permitted to profess no religion! Studies have also been emancipated from all religious despotism. The Italian universities are republican institutions in monarchical states. Except Turin, Genoa, and Modena, where the schools are under the detested rule of the Jesuits, young students are early directed to be the sole guides of their own consciences.

Such generous measures on the part of the Italian government were called forth by the manifestation of analogous feelings among the different classes of the people. In fact, in that country, where the number of free-thinkers is so considerably extended, an apostle of infidelity is rarely to be found. Infidelity is there rather a fashion than a conviction. Catholicism is spurned by the learned and refined, as something *idiotic* and *vulgar*. Its dogmas and mysteries are considered only as a salutary veil to, *blindfold the stupid monster with a million heads, that is called* THE PEOPLE. Before the people therefore the skeptic represses his sneers, and leaves to the illiterate his illusions and superstitions, envying perhaps in the secrecy of his heart the peace and self-satisfaction, which those absurd rites seem to bestow on the believer, and which he cannot find in all the subtleties of his logic. On the other hand, the good Catholic shakes his head with compassion and charity, endeavors to disbelieve his own eyes, at the sight of so many of the noblest minds *straying* from the *right path*, and mutters between his teeth, that 'the wisdom of man is but folly in the sight of God.'

And is it then over indeed with Catholicism? Is the edifice of Constantine and Charlemagne, the throne of Alexander the Third, of Leo the Tenth and Julius the Second, then crumbling to atoms? And shall the dust of time reach the proudest domes of its thousand cathedrals, and bury the relics of its thousand saints, and the blood of its thousand martyrs? And must the flames that tempered the helmet and sword of the crusader, the spirit that swelled the sails of Columbus and Vasco de Gama, that inspired the genius of Tasso and Raphael, be extinguished? Be it so; a long sequence of error and crimes have ripened a fate that has now reached its plenitude. But let generous souls be permitted to mourn over the fate of that *Catholic* system of faith and worship, for which the world will not soon agree upon a substitute. The visiter, musing over the remains of a feudal castle, trampling under his feet towers and battlements levelled to the ground, and arches and monuments, and fragments of armor, cannot repress a pang of regret, as his fancy runs back to the days of greatness, of valor and of courtesy that are no more; and in his chivalrous enthusiasm he forgets that from that rocky nest the bloody falcon rushed forth, the pirate of the air, the terror of the valley, and that while he wheeled his indefatigable course through the firmament, at every uttering of his ominous shriek, at every shaking of his mighty pinions, a harmless flock was quaking with anguish and terror within the inmost recesses of their foliage.

THE BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW, Mr Brownson's, we have read with great interest. Its articles, particularly those which are from the pen of the Editor, are characterised, for the most part, not more by originality and freshness than by good sense. It deserves to be extensively read.

It matters not to us whether all its theories and sentiments, political, moral and religious are agreeable to our own or not—they are fairly and ably expressed; and as they are sympathized in by a large number of intelligent men, deserve to be carefully weighed.

The subjoined sensible remarks are from Art. 1. 'American Literature.'

NEWSPAPERS.

Nor is American literature, as it is, to be condemned outright. True, not much is to be said of our regular built books; but we have newspapers. Our newspapers are conducted for the great mass of people, by men who come out immediately from the bosom of the people, and they of necessity express the sentiments of the people. They constitute, therefore, in the strictest sense of the word, a popular literature. And scattered through our newspapers and popular journals, may be found more fine writing, more true poetry, genuine eloquence, vigorous thought, original and comprehensive views, than can be found in the classics of either France or England. All the elements of the soul by turns are appealed to, and in turn find their expression; all subjects are discussed, and on all sides too; and often with a clearness and depth which leave little to be desired. Your most ordinary newspaper not unfrequently throws you off an essay, that it would be impossible to match in the writings of Addison, Steele, or Johnson.

The great merit and wide circulation of our newspapers and periodicals, are doubtless the cause of the meagreness of our 'book' literature. They are a ready channel through which he who thinks can communicate his thoughts to the public; and they therefore supersede the necessity in some measure, of writing books. They answer the most urgent wants of the people, talk to the people on topics on which they are thinking, discuss the subjects in which they feel an immediate interest; and therefore lessen the demand for more elaborate productions. At least this is their effect for the moment. But in the end they will increase the demand for more elaborate productions, by calling forth the ability and giving the preliminary information necessary for understanding and relishing them. The newspaper gives us a general view of all matters, and therefore prepares us for a special view of any particular matter. Not to insist then on the newspaper as affording in fact a definitive literature, we cannot fail to perceive that it must end in creating a taste for literature; in preparing a literature; in leading directly to its creation; and that so long as we sustain it, we can by no means be said to be doing nothing for literature.

It may be alleged that our newspaper literature, whatever its excellence, is so scattered, so mixed up with what is impure and noxious, and withal presented in so frail and perishing a form, that it can neither be made available nor preserved. But it is preserved; perhaps not on the shelves of the student's library, but in the hearts and intellects of the people; in the actions it prompts, and in the public measures, the adoption of which it secures. And this is enough. A literature is of no great value any farther than it becomes absorbed into the popular mind, and constitutes an integral part of the life of the people; and a literature which becomes so absorbed, can hardly be said to be unavailable.

TEXAS BIBLE SOCIETY.

We cannot but hail with pleasure every new indication of the working of sound principles and a wholesome spirit amongst the leading members of this new and uncertain republic. The Houston Telegraph of the first inst, gives an account of the organization of a Bible Society in that city. It is to be called the 'Texas Bible Society, and is auxiliary to the American Bible Society.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year. Hon David G. Burnett, President. Hon. A. C. Horton, of Matagorda. 1st Vice President. The Hon. Wm. Y. Allen of the city of Houston, Dr. Jones of Red River County, and Dr. Ashbel Smith of the city of Houston, were also elected Vice Presidents. The Rev. Wm. Y. Allen was chosen Corresponding Secretary. James Burke Esq Recording Secretary, A. H. Phillips, Esq. Treasurer, and Messrs. John Borden, Francis Moore, and John Woodruff were elected members of the Executive commitee.

TEMPERANCE AND ELECTIONEERING IN ALABAMA.

We learn from the Mobile Gazette that the committee of the Judiciary in the Legislature of Alabama, to whom was referred a petition from sundry citizens on the subject of temperance, has reported that the object of the petitioners 'is not to be found in enactments by the Legislature,' and that legislation on the subject is inexpedient.

The same paper also mentions that amongst the proceedings of the State Legislature, a resolution has been adopted to instruct the Committe on Privileges and Elections 'to enquire into the expediency of abolishing by law the course heretofore pursued by candidates aspiring to office, of electioneering and treating, with leave to report by bill or otherwise.'

Could such a law be established, sufficiently guarded by penalties to ensure its observance, we should in all probability hear less of bribary and corruption in elections.

(Correspondence of the Register.)

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR IN A COUNTRY PARISH.

Our people have taken a great and growing interest in the Church during the past year, and never has it been so signaliy shown as within the last few weeks.

The memory of our last year's Christmas festival was warm in all hearts, and all looked forward to the present season with joy. The men and maidens decorated the Church with admirable taste. On Christmas Eve, the merchants—a large class of our Society, closed their stores: and the whole people thronged to Church. The house was filled even to crowding: and with its garlands and brilliant illumination our little temple looked a scene of enchantment. The preacher's subject was the Triumphs of the Cross. He traced the progress of Christianity from the day, when the Holy Child lay in the manger to its present state. He spoke of its triumph over Judaism—Paganism both among the Greeks and Romans: and the Barbarians of the North, who overwhelmed the Roman Empire. He spoke of the triumph of the principles of the Cross, as seen in the Protestant Reformation over the worldly spirit of the Roman Church. He spoke of the past and present struggle of Christianity with Infidelity and Sectarianism, those twin spirits, born of the Reformation; and concluded by an anticipation of the day, when the true principles of the Reformation and of the Cross—Light, Liberty, Love—should triumph over all the powers of darkness both in the Church and the world.

The last Sunday in the year had an unusual interest with us. There were those services—all of them occasional. The morning sermon was on Past Life—its eras—the influences, that formed it. Life's true aim and our actual character.

The afternoon discourse was a review of the history of the Society for the last year—a plain statement of what has been done by us, what has been our prosperity—what our defects, duties and encouragements. The Evening Service was funereal. The Past Year—passing time—Death and the Departed that have been taken from us—these were the themes.

New Year's Sunday is at hand, and will be not without its interest. A goodly number begin the New Year, by becoming members of the Church. In the afternoon our Sunday School is hoping to have a happy season. An Address will be delivered to them by the Pastor, and the singing will be by the Children.

So much, Mr Editor, for Christmas and New Year, in a New Hampshire Parish. Surely a minister's life sometimes has its rewards. If there be those, that are asleep in some of our Parishes, truly we are awake in NASHUA.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Gen. Secretary of the A. U. A. has recently visited the following places and formed Auxiliary Associations.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Rev. F. W. Holland, Agent.
Northampton, John Rogers Esq., Agent.
Sherburne, Rev. Amos Clarke, Agent.
Townsend, Mr Quincy Sylvester, Agent.
Pembroke, Doct. Anthony Collamore, Agent.

We are happy to learn that in these and other places, visited by the Secretary a deep interest has been manifested in the objects and operations of the Association. At Northampton one gentleman subscribed 50 dollars for ten years, in aid of its funds.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

DEDICATION AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The neat and commodious Chapel recently erected by the Unitarian Society in this place, was dedicated on the 15th inst. Services appropriate to the occasion, were performed by Rev. Mr Hosmer of Buffalo, Rev. Mr Leonard of Geddes, and Rev. Mr Babbidge of Pepperell, Mass.

It may be gratifying to those who have felt and manifested an interest in this Society, to learn that its prospects are highly encouraging. Its members appear to be actuated by that calm yet fervent zeal, which accords perfectly with their profession of rational Christianity. Like others in like situations, they have strong popular prejudices to encounter, but they meet them fearlessly. We trust they will be enabled to overcome them by that most conclusive argument, a quiet and steady adherence to 'the truth and the life,' the precepts and the practice of the Savior.

It is good evidence of the interest felt by this people in the maintenance of a pure faith, that within a few months, they have organized a Society, have begun, finished and dedicated a place of worship, and made preparation for the constant preaching of the word. The seed which was scattered by a few laborers coming from distant places, has fallen into good ground and will produce, we doubt not, abundantly. The ready welcome which has been given to Unitarian preaching, is sufficient evidence of its adaptedness to reach the convictions of strong minded men, and to stir them up to faith and good works. There are multitudes of this class in our land, particularly in the growing villages of the West, who, dissatisfied and disgusted with the forms and tones in which Christianity is made to address them, treat it either with silent contempt or open abuse. To such, rational Christianity comes with that solemn persuasive power which belongs to genuine truth, but which never attaches to any substitute for, or perversion of, 'the truth as it is in Christ.'

The peculiar location and prospects of the village of Syracuse render it a very important station. Its rapid growth, the increase of an intelligent population, the perfect freedom of opinion incidental to the place and people, all offer peculiar facilities for setting forth religious truth freely and successfully. It is to be hoped that now, in the hour of their necessity, and the day of small things, this company of disciples will receive from their brethren in the East, tokens of Christian sympathy and encouragement.

The services of the Dedication were attended by an intelligent and crowded audience. Since the opening of the Church, the different services have been fully attended, so that there is reason to hope, that the discovery made and proclaimed by an individual, that 'Unitarians read the Bible, and pray, and preach very much as other Christians do,' will cease to excite wonder.

Much credit is due to the Ladies of this Society, for their generous zeal and good taste in providing the means of lighting the house, trimming the pulpit, &c.

(From our Correspondent at Washington.)

No. VII.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 29th, 1838.

Mr Editor,—Christmas has now passed, without any remarkable occurrence. It is the grand festival of this part of the country, but the manner of its celebration is not in exact keeping with the character of the person commemorated. There are, to be sure, religious services in many of the churches which are attended by no inconsiderable members. But it has been the custom, I am told, to keep up an incessant firing of guns, through the whole of the preceding night, and through a great part of Christmas day itself. Nor that alone: the streets have too often been paraded by inebriated or riotous persons, bent upon fun or mischief, and order and quiet have thus effectually been put to flight. But this season an attempt was made by the city authorities to prevent the recurrence of such scenes. To a certain extent they succeeded; still our ears were dinned with a constant firing of guns, crackers, etc. and the streets presented some instances of an oblation of reason to a beverage which at the North *used* to be a favorite on election day. That the day should be made a festival few I suppose would object: but that it should be observed in a manner befitting some pagan deity, is what may well be objected to. *It is* said to have been adroitly ingrafted upon the Saturnalian festival of the Romans; but how little does it comport with the progress of our religion, that what was most objectionable in those bacchanalian rites should be still retained. We readily admit that much has been done to correct this evil; we only regret that so much still remains to be done.

Congress have accomplished little this week. On Monday and Tuesday, neither House was in session. On Wednesday the House went into Committee of the whole on the state on the union, on which occasion J. Q. Adams was called to the chair, when several gentlemen turned round and congratulated their friends on the prospect of relief from his pugnacious demonstrations, and observed that he had better be kept in the chair the rest of the session. Resolutions were offered, referring the various portions of the President's message to the appropriate committees. Mr Bell of Tennessee, got up and made a long speech, commenting, in no soft language, upon several passages in the message, and charging upon the administration the evils which are so constantly coming to light. He is a less violent but more forcible speaker than many other gentlemen from the South and West—more anxious to convey his ideas in clear and convincing than in polished terms. After speaking an hour or two, he was followed by Mr Prentiss of Mississippi. Mr P. is a small man, with a tremendous voice which no efforts seems to tire. He uses, like most orators here, a great deal of gesticulation, and his style is by no means destitute of eloquence: but who wishes to sit hour after hour listening to hard names and charges affecting the integrity of them in authority? In this debate the administration has been assailed in violent *not to say* intemperate terms. They have been changed with unbounded corruption; the spoils principle has been alledged to be the source of the defalcations; and Mr Wise went so far as to threaten Mr Secretary Woodbury with impeachment. Now all this calling of names, this bitter vituperation can do no good in the House, and out of the House. I fear it will but minister to faction. If the administration are at fault, shall they be irritated to persevere in their misdoings? When they come forward to unmask defaulters is it expedient to charge them with hypocrisy? It is bad policy to say the least of it. Public interests will be sacrificed. Any administration, corrupt or not, would only take occasion to strengthen the bands of party discipline, one evil now bitterly complained of.

Mr Prentiss occupied the floor most of Thursday; the House was delighted with his wit and sarcasm, and the galleries were crowded with delightful auditors. Yesterday the House was occupied with a debate which sprung up from a mere incident, namely, a motion to print 20,000 extra copies of certain documents relating to defaulters. This was warmly objected to and warmly advocated. The House did not proceed with its regular business, but spent more time in talking about the printing, than the printing itself would have cost. So much for economy. It is remarked, that when one of these casual debates gets fairly started it rarely stops except under the operation of the previous question. The debate was prolonged till 4 1-2 oclock, when the House adjourned without taking the question.

This morning an attempt was made to take up the unfinished business of yesterday, but failed. The House has been occupied with miscellaneous matters not particularly interesting.

The Senate do not sit to day. They have been pursuing their course very quietly, and every day have sent several bills to the Representatives for their deliberation;—a comment on the expediency of reducing the numbers of the latter, if despatch of business is a matter of public advantage.

As to rumors, the city has not been destitute of them; but as they seem not to be confirmed, it is hardly worth while to repeat them. As to Atherton's Resolutions we are told that they originated with the Senate, and were determined on at a private caucus: that they were re-modelled at a second caucus to make them less offensive to the North. The mover of course will receive no great credit, if this explanation be true; but the resolutions themselves seem to have accomplished their end. We are now looking forward to the festivities of new year's day, after which Congress may perchance quicken its pace.

Your friend, VIATOR

Gov. Everett's Address before the Mercantile Library Association is worthy of its author. Mr J. T. Field's Poem is highly creditible to a merchant, and would do honor to many more pretending Bards.

ALMANACKS.

The Boston Almanack for 1839. No family and no sojourner in Boston should be without this useful book.

The Farmer's Almanack needs no new praise.

N. B. S. W. has our thanks. His articles shall appear with those of others next week.

FROM OUR ODD DRAWER.

THE NURSERY OF GREATNESS.

The most distinguished statesman of the age, one who has been all his life conversant with the politics of our country, who has filled the highest office in the power of this people to bestow, who is at this moment acting a part in the capitol which will make him the favorite of future historians, and, who, by the immensity of his intellectual treasures and the variety and greatness of his works, is one of the noblest examples to young men, of the wonder-working power of industry and perseverance—is no less remarkable, as we are all aware, for the depth of his religious knowledge, the strength of his faith in divine things and the unspotted purity of his Christian character. This great man, in the course of a Sabbath day's conversation, which, by reason of his hospitality it was our privilege to enjoy a few months ago, in that ancient mansion, which from the days of his venerable Father has always been thrown open to the clergyman and the stranger, alluded to a favorite custom of his, which seemed to us alike characteristic of the man and worthy to be remembered and imitated. It has always been his delight, he said, to contemplate the rising and setting of the sun, and to watch the silent and majestic procession of the stars. This sublime vision filled his mind with ever new elevating, and unutterable emotions. And, pointing to the pinnacle of the lofty and graceful hill, that rises over against his house, he remarked, that it was his usual custom, when in Quincy, to take his stand there, every pleasant morning and evening, as a spot from whence he could catch the first golden beam of the sun as it emerged from the eastern sea, and the latest gleam of its glory as it sank behind the western hills—where nothing could obstruct his survey of the whole visible hemisphere of the sky—and loosing his mind from the narrow enclosure of earthly objects, endeavor to realize the *motion* of the globe on which he stood, and of all the majestic spheres.

Often since that conversation have we pictured to ourself the patriot and the sage, standing on that elevated spot, with uncovered brow, and with his strange and deep eye, turned upward in earnest and wondering gaze, paying in silence his morning and evening adoration to Him who by his spirit hath garnished the Heavens, who hangeth the earth upon nothing, who knoweth the balancings of the stars, who causeth the sun to be true to his time, who bringeth Mazzaroth in his season and guideth Arcturus with his sons.

We know not how others may regard it—but to us the picture of that wonderful man casting behind him a weight of public cares which would sink a score of ordinary politicians; dis-encumbering himself of a complexity of engagements and studies, which would whirl a less steady and capacious intellect to madness, that he may walk forth, alone and tranquil to study in the motions of the Heavens the glory and immensity of Jehovah, to test the unbounded reach of the soul, and to inhale high and fresh inspiration from the Spirit of the universe, is a sublime and impressive moral image, and well calculated to awaken our plodding souls, that forget to wonder, to at least a transient sense of the majesty and might which is ever passing unnoticed before our clouded eyes.

We may not wonder that a soul familiar with such high experiences, and daily, fresh from communing with the Heavenly spheres, should stand forth undaunted in the Halls of Legislation, and, unceasingly lift up his voice, like a trumpet amidst the roar of battle, for Liberty and Right.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Dear Sir.—Will you have the kindness to acknowledge the subscription of $1000 from a 'Friend of Africa' in behalf of the Colonization Society of Mass. Such a *New Years Gift* as this, is more peculiarly acceptable, as there are very many slaves now training by benevolent owners in the south for emancipation and colonization in Liberia, and each $50 defrays the expenses of one slave and his settlement as a *freeman* and a *freeholder* in the land of his ancestors. yours truly

ELLIOT CRESSON.

Tremont House, Jan. 1st. 1839.

OBITUARY.

[From the Bristol County Democrat.]

MISS ANN A. WILLIAMS.

Died in this town, on the 16th inst., Miss Ann A. Williams, aged 27.

We feel that we cannot and ought not to let pass an event of such sad and mournful interest—one too, which has taken place in a manner so unusually sudden and impressive, without a brief memorial. Memory delights to dwell on those traits in the character of her who has been taken from among us, which rendered her so peculiarly dear to a wide circle of friends, and the light and sunshine, as it were, of the home now darkened by her departure.

The sisters and brothers, who have looked to her for ready sympathy in sorrow, for cordial congratulation in joy, for aid in sickness, and for counsel in doubt,—the mother mourning, as mothers only mourn, over the daughter she has lost, missing every moment, her cheerful voice, her happy smile, her gay laugh, her devoted attention to her comfort, her ready submission to her slightest wish, every mark of filial affection which was a prominent trait in the character of the loved and lost—they, and they only, can know how lovely she was in the ministrations of her home, and how dreary a void she has left in the 'places that have known her but shall know her no more.' The faithful discharge of the duties which a daughter and sister are called on to perform, demand not only strong affection, but firm principle. In these relations—but we forbear—we would not dwell too long on these qualities whose beauty lies so much in the calm and quiet and unostentatious manner in which they are manifested, and the certainty that they spring from the promptings of love and duty, and from no desire of renown or recompense on earth, save that of knowing that they have helped to make that home a happy one, and lent gladness and joy to hearts that loved them. Neither would we intrude into the sanctuary of grief, and unveil to the public eye the love and sorrow of the hearts that are beating there.

Few persons of her age have left so wide a circle of friends to lament their loss, and perhaps none of any age have been more capable than she was, of that strong and enduring friendship which lends to earth one of its greatest charms. Many to whom she was bound by those dear ties, are now looking back with aching hearts to the delightful hours of unrestrained intercourse which they have passed with her, in which they have obtained new ideas from her strong and active mind, ardent interest in their schemes and plans, sincere and heartfelt and consoling sympathy in their sorrows, perhaps a better knowledge of their own character, and an increased love and admiration for her. By her quick and almost instinctive sympathies, and her strong affections, she seemed peculiarly formed for friendship. Her penetrating and active mind, her insight into character and feelings, her gaiety and buoyancy of spirit, her unfeigned interest in all that was passing around her, her readiness, her observation, and conversational powers, rendered her generally beloved, and sought after as a companion equally agreeable to the aged and the youthful.

In the Sabbath School where she was a most efficient and loved Teacher, in the social circle of which she was an ornament, in the society for charitable purposes of which she was an active and valuable member, in all these places there will be a chasm and a void which will not soon be filled. At the Communion Table, where in obedience to her Saviour's last commands, she has partaken of the bread and wine in memorial of him; her place will be vacant. And now that her body has returned to earth, and her soul to God who gave it, it mingles hope and joy with our grief, to know that she was a member of Christ's Church on earth, and professed before the world, to make him her guide and pattern in all things. It lifts our thoughts from death and decay, to the spirit which has soared from earth to those abodes which Christ has prepared in the mansions of his Father for those who love him.

We cannot close these remarks without adverting to one more prominent trait in her character—her steadfast and unshrinking firmness in the endurance of pain, and her cheerfulness and even gaiety in sufferings under which many would have sunk; for though blest with a constitution and strength which promised a long life, and enabled her to enjoy so much and so keenly during the short period of her existence, she did not pass through her sojourn here, without enough of the pain 'which wrings mortality' to test the powers of endurance.

It seems but a day since she was with us in the glow of health and happiness, and even now that we have followed her to her last resting place, we can scarcely realize that we shall never again on earth gaze on her happy smile, her bright glad glance of recognition, and receive her cordial greeting. But we would not mourn as those without hope, but remember that though she was happy here, she has left us to go to that world whose happiness eye has not seen, nor ear heard nor the heart of man conceived.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

ANN AUGUSTA WILLIAMS.

'Very pleasant hast thou been unto me.'—*Holy writ.*

I little thought when last we met,
How soon life's brilliant star would set,
How soon thy eye's unclouded light
Would lose its beams in death's dark night.
But ah! that meeting was our last,
Our sad farewells on earth, are past.

I saw thee last when health beamed high
From rosy cheek and laughing eye.
Yet once again: but death had hushed
The harp whence love's sweet tones had gushed.
That altered strain!—ah! who can tell
The blight, that on my spirit fell?

Yes! bright and blest one! thou hast fled;
The moon shines o'er thy peaceful head;
Fled like a dear, but vanished dream,
The meteor's fitful, flashing gleam;
Fled like a morning's pearly dew,
Or the pure flowret's fading hue.

How sweet, when o'er my stricken soul,
The blight of Time's sad changes stole,
On thy firm, faithful love to rest,
My solace when by care opprest;
How sweet into thy listning ear,
To pour each grief, each doubt, each fear.

And ne'er in vain. An answering sound
In thy warm heart, I ever found.
Thou with my faults wondst kindly bear,
And sweetly every trial share;
Though dark my soul, as clouds of night,
Thy smiles would make my ptahway bright.

My steps *may* join the busy throng;—
My ear may list the thrilling song—
In *every* scene thy form I view,
The kindly hearted and the true!
Long treasured in my heart, shall dwell
The memory of our last farewell

Our *last* farewell! For oh! one thought
Is with my inmost spirit wrought.
That breathing tone,—it has for me,
The voice, the might of prophecy.
One gracious boon will yet be given,—
To meet, to live, to love in heaven.

We *parted* in the house of prayer,
God's earthly temple, pure and fair.
When grief's last fount of tears has gushed,
And sorrow's anguished strain is hushed,
Let us but *meet* around that shrine
In Heaven—eternal and divine. Y. L. E.

For the Register and Observer.

MISS HANNAH G. BROWN.

In this city, on the 19th ult. of typhus fever, Miss Hannah G. Brown, daughter of the late Mr Eldad Brown, aged 24 years.

In the circumstances of the death of this estimable young lady, we have a striking instance, not merely of the uncertainty of life, but of the instability and frailty of the best human hopes. But a few days before she was seized with the illness which terminated her life, she had procured her bridal dress, and in her expected union with a well-principled and meritorious young gentleman, of this city, looked forward with as sanguine and well-grounded hopes of happiness, as can be rationally cherished by any. But the destroyer came, and she suddenly passed away;—not to be soon forgotten by those who knew her,—for wherever she was known she did not fail to win affection by her uniform kindness of temper and manners, as well as respect for her energy and high moral principle.

Though called in early life to taste the cup of affliction, she did not allow it to overwhelm her, but caused it to serve as a stimulus to the more faithful discharge of her duties to those dependent on her care and watchfulness.

From the first of her illness she entertained but little hope of recovery; and in the meekness and resignation with which she yielded to the will of Providence, in thus cutting off of her earthly hopes, she bore testimony to the inestimable value of the Christian's faith, and gave evidence of its sustaining and sanctifying efficacy on her own heart.

INTELLIGENCE.

Thames River.—The experience of this season has most abundantly proved that this river can be navigated to this city, by steamboats, during the severest winters. Without any peculiar preparation of the boats, they have thus far run regularly to our wharves, and on Monday afternoon the Huntress passed down through the ice in the chanel which had been freezing since Saturday night, with the thermometer lower than usual. With a boat arriving every morning and leaving every afternoon and occasionally in the severest weather passing through the ice once or twice during the day and night it is perfectly apparent that the channel may always be navigable. This fact is the more important in view of the completion of the railroad before next winter. —*Norwich Courier.*

Speed of the Mail.—We understand that the proposals of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad Company for carrying on the 1st of January next, the Great Mail between Petersburg, (Va.) and Charleston, have been accepted by the Post Master General, by which company it will be carried between Wilmington and Weldon, (N. C.) in 41 hours, and arriving here early in the morning, reach this city in eighty six hours from New York, or from six to seven hours earlier than the Express Mail arrives here at present, thus entirely superseding that Mail between Charleston and New York.—*Carleston Patriot.*

The New England Galaxy.—Mr. Joseph H. Buckingham has revived tho miscellaneous weekly journal, which was commenced by his father in the city many years ago, under this title, and which under his management enjoyed a high degree of popularity, and an extensive circulation. The first number of the revived publication appeared on Saturday, in form and character strongly resembling its predecessor.—*Adv.*

The Slave Trade.—It is much to be regretted that Christendom cannot, or will not, devise any effectual means to put a stop to this inhuman traffic—this traffic in flesh and blood, which is even now carried on very extensively from some parts of the world. A correspondent of the N. Y. Express, writing from Havanna, furnishes the following information respecting the condition of the slave trade at the present time, and the mode in which it is conducted:—*Mercantile Journal.*

'Those good people of England who for years have considered the slave trade 'abolished' by a philanthropic British Parliament, are but little aware of the uncomfortable modes of transportation which these 'restrictions upon trade' have caused to be provided for the 'loyal subjects' of the 'monarchs' of Africa. The number of slaves now imported may be less than formerly, but law has rather increased than diminished the aggregate of suffering. I have examined a dozen or more sharp, rakish looking vessels laying in this port in various states of preparation for the 'African trade.' One just arrived is a small schooner of 72 tons, formerly a Savannah pilot boat. She embarked on the coast of Africa 154 negroes and landed 114, *forty having died during the passage of 40 days.* Like all the others her water casks fill the entire hold, and are so proportioned, large ones being placed in the centre, and smaller ones tapered off on each side, that the upper side of all is upon a level on which planks are laid to make platform for the negroes. *The height between these water casks and the deck is precisely thirty four inches.* Positively this space in which 54 negroes were crammed does not appear large enough to accommodate a dozen good sized hounds. Negroes it appears stow close! I learned the secret. They are compelled to squat down *and be packed into each other like dozens of spoons.* It is the practice to bring all on deck every day to be washed and take air. If women are taken on board, they are kept separate and parted from the crew. Unfit vessels are employed, not from choice, but because it would not be safe to risk better to the chances of capture. I have also examined a brig of 300 tons, built sharp as a wedge, with spars like a frigate. Her side timbers are *four inches square,* (I could not find one in her whole length to exceed 4 3 4 inches) and 12 to 15 inches apart, planking proportionably thin, no beams, and only a few small knees upon each side nailed on.

She is said to be the fastest sailer upon the ocean. Her water casks, spread on shore, are a curiosity,—the centre tier being over five feet in diameter, and the extreme side casks not over fifteen inches. I am told that the punishment of death to all arrested in this traffic would not stop it, which I can believe, when I see men willing to cross the sea in such a basket made craft.'

Discovery of Mummies at Durango, Mexico.—A million of Mummies, it is stated, has lately been discovered in the environs of Durango, in Mexico. They are in a sitting posture, but have the same wrappings, bands and ornaments of the Egyptian. Among them was found a poignard of flint, with a sculptured handle, chaplets, necklaces, &c., of alternately colored beads, fragments of bones polished like ivory, fine worked elastic tissues, [probably our modern India Rubber cloth,] mockasins worked like those of our Indians today, bones of vipers, &c. It remains to continue these interesting researches, and America will become another Egypt, to antiquarians, and her ruins will go back to the oldest periods of the world showing doubtless that the ancestors of the Montezumas lived on the Nile, and that their luxurious civilization was broken up, and overpowered by the hardy hordes of Asiatic Tartars, who came down from Behring Straits and the Rocky Mountains. The scene of Attila and Alaric in Rome and Greece were rehearsed at an earlier day on the shores of California and the plains of Mexico. It is unknown of the mummies above mentioned what kind of embalment was used, or whether it was itrous dispositions in the caves where they were found. A fact of importance is stated, that the shells of the necklace are of a marine shell found at Zacatecas, on the Pacific, where the Columbus of their forefathers probably therefore landed from the Malay, Hindostan or Chinese coast, or from their islands in the Indian Ocean.—*N. Y. Evening Star.*

Latest from Europe.—Five packet ships arived at New-York on Saturday, bringing accounts from Havre to the 16th, and from Liverpool to the 30th of November.

The Queen of England has made Sir John Herschell a baronet.

The wheat crop of England is stated to be a quarter less than it was in 1835, and 1837.

An attempt was made to assassinate Charles Louis de Bourbon, duke of Normandie, the pretended son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and thus having claims to be considered as the rightful heir to the crown of France, on the 9th of November, at Camberwell, where he had lately taken up his residence. The attempt was made by a pretended friend and countryman, named Rouselle, who discharged two pistols at him, while in the garden attached to his dwelling. Two balls lodged in his left arm, and third in his breast.

It is stated that the mountains of West Cumberland have been covered with snow earlier than usual this year, and that in different parts of England, the winter is beginning to be very severe.

Lord Durham's proclamation, which wss published, was the subject of free discussion. It was reported that when he arrives he will put himself at the head of the genuine reformers of England, and declare his adherence to household suffrage, vote by ballot, and triennial parliaments.

The return of the bank of England of November 16th, showed a circulation of £18,9000,000 being a decrease of £159,000 since July the 24, deposites £8,949,000, being a decrease of £378,000, securities £21,171,000, reduction £844,000, and bullion £9,339,000, reduction £98,000. The circulation is greater than at this time last year, by £556,000, and the stock of bullion is greater by £1,907,000. The *rest* amounts to £2,661,000, being a decrease since the last return of £105,000.

It was expected that the British Parliament would assemble about the end of January, or the beginning of February.

Reshid Pacha, and his happy innovations.—Reshid Pacha had arrived at Paris, on his way to London.

All diplomatists know with what cleverness this statesman has acted, and will recollect the happy innovations which Reshid Pacha introduced into the administration of the Ottoman empire.

For the public functionaries a penal administration code has been published. Heavy penalties are inflicted on the *employes* of government, who, forgetting their duty, are guilty of peculation. A State council, instituted *ad hoc*, and composed of several members, judge the high functionaries who are accused, be it by their superiors or directly by the people. The corden has then been for ever abolished.

In the case of the plague Reshid has succeeded, not without much trouble, in making the Mussulman theologians comprehend that it is not against the rules of the Koran to take measures of precaution against the plague. Already sanitary councils, composed of the most enlightened men of the empire, labor incessantly at the philanthropic work, and have succeeded in extinguishing this curse in the places where it has appeared. Let us hope that in a few years the plague will disappear from Turkey, as from the rest of Europe. There only remained the great question of monopolies. But Reshid was not a man to be stopped by any surmountable obstacles. It was only necessary to make his Sovereign comprehend that the system of monopolies hindered the propagation of knowledge and the well being of the people of the empire; that only monopolists profited by them, and that the public treasure, as well as the people, were impoverished by this anti-social system. The council of ministers approved the plan for the abolition of monopolies; they submitted it to the Sultan, who sanctioned it, and a law to that effect was promulgated. Reshid Pacha announced to the ambassadors of foreign powers, that the Ottoman Porte abolished monopolies, and he engaged the governments of Europe to conclude new treaties of commerce with the Porte. Already England and some other nations have acceded. France, doubtless, will not long delay.

Amongst the other important innovations which Reshid Pacha has also introduced in the empire, we must mention the new organization of the Island of Cyrus. It is the French administration system which has been introduced. It is an essay which the Turkish government is making; we wish it success; and that it may adopted in all the Ottoman empire.—*Paris paper.*

The Emperor of Austria had issued a decree at Milan, for the restoration of the property of the Knights at Malta, which had been forfeited to the crown.

The diplomatic differences which have existed between the French and Neapolitan governments are adjusted, and the Duke of Montebello is appointed Neapolitan ambassador at Paris.

Spain.—The Madrid papers of the 7th November, contain a note of preparation for the further sacrifice of human beings in cold blood, even in the metropolis of Spain. Public tranquility, it is said, had been undisturbed, owing to the precautions adopted by the authorities and an imposing display of military force. All the posts through the city were doubled. Arrests continued, and were made by the National Guards, headed by the constitutional Alcades. The individuals imprisoned, whose number amounted to 130, were, generally speaking, reputed friends of Don Carlos, upon whom the authorities had kept, during some time, a watchful eye. They are even said to form a list of 300 'suspected Carlists,' drawn up as far back as 1836

Preparation were making for the opening of the session of the Cortes.

Population of Russia.—We translate the following curious enumeration from a statistical account of the Russian empire, drawn from official sources, and lately published, by M. Martin Kabalsky.

'In Russia there are no less than 80 different races, or nationalities, who speak 40 distinct languages. The principal of these races are the Sclavonic, Letonnic, Tartar; Finnish, Mongolian and Circassian; besides which there are of foreign origin the Jewish, German, Swedish, Greek, &c, numbering about 1,500,000. The Jews, about 800,000 in number, inhabit parts of ancient Poland; the Germans, about 500,000, are principally assembled in the Baltic provinces; the Swedes are found almost exclusively in Finland and the environs of Narew, countries formerly belonging to Sweden; and the other residents of farmer origin are established in various parts of the empire, but chiefly in the cities. The other races that form part of the Russian population, exclusive of the Russians proper, or Muscovites, are the Samoyedes, about 70,000, inhabiting the borders of the Arctic ocean; the Kamschatdales and other people of Oriental Siberia, 50,000; the Esquimaux, found in American Russia, 50,000; and the Bohemians, or Zingaris, scattered over almost every portion of the empire, but most numerous in the South and South West, amounting to about 170,000.

'The whole population of Russia in 1832, not including the kingdom of Poland, was 51,076,517, and that of Poland 4,037,925.

This population is contained in 1840 cities, of which 1607 are in Europe, 1210 towns or burghs, nd 227,400 villages.

St. Petersburg, the capital, contains 445,135 inhabitants, of whom 155,845 are women.'

MARRIAGES.

In this city by Rev Mr Lothrop, Dr Wm Swasey, of Limerick, Me. to Miss Joanna H. Brooks, of Portland.

On Tuesday evening by Rev Mr Stow, Mr Alfred Nash to Miss Susan G. White.

Mr Wm C. Savage to Miss Julia O. C. Hallett; Mr John Cole to Miss Harriet Boothby.

In this city, on Tuesday 18th inst. in Trinity Church, by the Rev. J. L. Watson, the Rev Henry Burroughs, Camden, N. J. formerly of Boston, to Miss Sarah Tilden, of Boston.

Dec. 17, Mr. Theodore F. Rollins to Miss Ann F. Covell.

In this city, Dec. 30. Mr. George W. Wilkins to Miss Ann S. Dolbeare.

In this city, on Christmas night, Mr. Samuel Elliot to Miss Almira M. Perkins.

In Framingham, Mr. Henry Parker to Miss Martha Fiske.

In this city, on Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr Gray, Mr William Pratt, to Miss Lucy Galloway.

In this city, on Sunday evening, by Rev. J. T. Sargent, Mr Isaiah Woodbury of Salem, N. H. to Miss Sarah Gardner, of Boston.

In Kingston, by Rev. Mr Sweet, Mr George Waterman of Middleborough, to Miss Lucy Delano, daughter of Benjamin Delano of K.

In Easton, by Rev. Mr Sheldon, Mr James Lothrop, to Miss Ruth Carr.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Rebecca, wife of Mr Wm King, 79; Joanna Elizabeth, daughter of Mr Samuel P. Frothingham, 2 years and 2 months.

In this city, Horace Lodge, son of Mr John Pratt, 20 months.

In this city, Mrs Eliza Ann, wife of Mr Rufus Marsh, 32.

On Saturday morning, Mrs Martha G. wife of Mr John Reed, 58.

In this city, Charles Carvalho, child of B. C. Clark, Esq. 2 1 2 years.

In Charlestown, Mr Nathaniel H. Loring, son of the late Col. Joseph L. 39.

In Scituate, Dec. 23d, Mr Oliver Winslow, 82, a revolutionary pensioner.

In East Boston, 1st inst. Mr Andrew Betteley, 61.

In Yarmouth, Mass. Sylvester Baker, Esq. 63.

In Randolph, Dec. 22d, Zenas French, Esq. 79, a soldier of the revolution, having entered the service when he was 15 years old. He served the town several years in the capacities of Selectman and Representative to the General Court.

In Bradford, N. H. Dec. 27, Mr Timothy Emerson, 69—much respected by all who knew him.

In Langdon, N. H. Dec. 15, Miss Rhoda, daughter of Mr Jesse Spaulding, 28.

SCHOOL LECTURES. The ninth lecture in the course, will be delivered, at the Hall opposite the Savings Bank, in Tremont Street, on Wednesday next, at 3 o'clock,—by Henry W. Carter. Subject: 'Habit.'

Teachers, parents, and the public generally, are respectfully invited to attend throughout the course.

G. F. THAYER—*for the Committee.*

jan. 5.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY—*New Volume.*—The present No. commences a new volume, and offers a good opportunity for commencing subscription. Fine Arts of Middle Ages, Schlegel's Egypt, Russian Policy, Life of Baron Cuvier. The republications have been before the public for several years, and acquired a popularity never before known in the periodical literature of this country. No pains or expense is spared to issue these works promptly and in good style—of their merits it need only be said they emanate from the most gifted men in the British Empire.

Foreign Quarterly, Edinburgh, London Quarterly and London & Westminister, $8 00 for the whole—either two $5 00. Delivered in Boston free of expense for postage, by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. d15

D CARPENTER'S HARMONY.—An Apostolical Harmony of the Gospels: founded upon the most ancient opinion respecting the duration of our Savior's ministry, and exhibiting the succession of events in close accordance with the order of the two Apostolical Evangelists. With dissertations, notes and maps. 2d edition. By Lant Carpenter, LL.D.

Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. d15

PIERCE'S SOUND.—An Elementary Treatise on Sound, being the second volume of a course of Natural Philosophy, designed for the use of High Schools and Colleges; compiled by Benjamin Peirce, A. M., University Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University. One vol. 8 vo. pp. 220.

The New York Review, for January 1839, reviewing the above work, says—

'It is entitled the second volume of a course of Natural Philosophy, but its predecessor has not yet reached us, unless he refer to an excellent Algebra, which we desire to recommend.'——'We have been led to the foregoing remarks by the object and character of the highly valuable addition to science before us. Mr Peirce has bestowed much care and attention on a branch of physics little understood, even by the initiated, and has rendered no trifling service to science, in establishing the laws of acoustics in so clear and masterly a manner. His selection of materials does high honor to his taste and judgement, and he handles the more complex instruments of science with perfect skill and dexterity. As a book of instruction, his compilation is perfect; although it may, in some few points, lie open to criticism, yet it affords an admirable illustration of what a scientific treatise should be.'

Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. jan 5.

PERIODICALS FOR LADIES.

LADY'S BOOK.—This is decidedly the most popular work of the class in the country: containing Original Articles by the first Female Writers, including Brooks, Leslie, Hale, Phelps, Sigourney, Gould and others, hitherto contributors to both; and selected matter from the most celebrated English Magazines, embellished with *six Colored Plates of Fashion,* and *six steel Engravings,* yearly, besides Music, Embroidery, Views, Fac Similes, Portraits, &c. The Publishers can recommend this work with the utmost confidence for family reading. It has received the highest testimonials from the press and individuals, and its circulation is rapidly extending in all parts of the United States. The number of subscribers to the work has more than doubled since the commencement of the last year, being now more than *ten thousand.* In addition to its former attraction, the next volume will contain sketches of some of the literary ladies in England, from the pen of B. B. Thatcher, esq. and many very beautiful patterns for Window Curtains. Price per annum, *three dollars.* Payment in all cases in advance.

LADIES' COMPANION—Edited by Mr. Snowden and Mrs. Stevens, and containing original contributions of various writers, Engravings &c. $3 per annum.

LADIES' GARLAND—monthly, at $1 per annum.

WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
Jan 5 121, Washington st.

ALICE BRADFORD, or Experimental Religion. Second edition.

This little work has been reprinted in London and favorably noticed, as will appear from the following extract from the Christian Pioneer (London.)

'To call this a good little book for children, would be to use a *word* far too small, and quite inadequate to express its real character. For small though it be, yet with sufficient fulness, with great plainness, and much feeling and force, it treats of subjects which in importance and interest, yield to none in which the human mind can be engaged.

Some dozen of larger works might be mentioned, which, although devoted most especially to the elucidation of 'religious experience,' 'vital godliness,' 'fear and love,' the 'new birth, or regeneration,' 'the natural and spiritual state of man,' and obtaining peace with God through Jesus Christ, would not repay the patient, laborious reader, with that clear and satisfactory view of these momentous topics, which is given in 'Alice Bradford.' Children may understand it, and men may derive from it instruction and profit.'

Published and for sale by S. G. SIMPKINS,
j 5 Court street.

ADDRESS by his Excellency, Edward Everett, delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, Sept. 13th, at the Odeon.

A POEM pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association, on the evening of its 18th anniversary at the Odeon, by James T. Fields.

Published and for sale this day at
TICKNOR'S,
j 5 corner of Washington and School sts.

NEW SCHOOL IN ANDOVER.

THE subscriber having had experience in teaching proposes to establish in Andover a Classical Boarding School on a new and improved plan. He has secured one of the finest locations in the vicinity. It unites the advantages of healthfulness and retirement with a convenient proximity to the Depot of the Boston Rail Road, the Post Office, the several churches, and the chief centre of business.

He has in view the accommodation of those parents, who may wish to place their sons in a situation where they may be constantly under the care of their instructor, where they may receive more particular attention and be more thoroughly instructed than they possibly can be in a large public school, where particular attention will be paid to moral conduct and general good deportment, as well as to the intellectual improvement of their children; where their instructor will superintend them in their hours of relaxation as well as study, and in all respects act the parent as well as the preceptor.

In this plan of instruction the subscriber will avoid the prevalent error of wholly separating English studies from the languages. He intends in the instuction of his pupils, to blend the study of Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Elocution, Composition, History &c, with the languages so as to give an agreeable variety to the objects of pursuit, while it will not essentially retard their progress in the acquisition of classical learning. He designs that his pupils by the time they have completed the prescribed course under his superintendence, shall be prepared to enter college, and also well accomplished for almost any department of business.

It is proposed to adopt the German method of teaching grammar and of frequent reviewing, and the English plan of reciting select portions of the classics from memory. This, he would remark, is not an *experiment.* He has in years past adopted it with his pupils with the most happy success. In giving instruction in some branches, particularly Geography and the elements of Arithmetic he is impressed with the advantage which *illustration*—whereby the eye assists the ear—has over mere words. He has found there is a variety of expedients, that may be adopted by the Instructor by which the pupil may be led to *notice* what he reads and hears, and to *retain* what he has acquired. He may thus be led to the formation of good *intellectual habits,* a most important consideration in the science and business of education.

The pupils will be amply provided with the means of innocent and healthful diversion. They will be encouraged to engage in invigorating athletic exercises, as physical education may be regarded not on as important in itself, but as essentially aiding the developement and growth of the intellectual powers.

There are in the place four houses of public worship of different denominations. Parents will be permitted to designate the church at which their children shall attend.

The school will be opened for the admission of pupils the first week in January ensuing. Lads will be received between the age of seven and sixteen. The number is limited to *twelve.* TERMS including board, tuition, fuel, light &c., are two hundred and fifty dollars per year. P. S. EATON.

Andover, Nov. 13*th.* 1838.

Mr Eaton would refer to the following gentlemen who in years past have had children under his tuition, viz. Hon. Josiah Quincy, President of the Harvard University, Rev. Professors Wood and Stuart, Andover; Hon Judge Williams, Taunton; Rev. Dr Tuckerman and Lowell Mason Esq., Boston. He would also refer to Rev. Hubbard Winslow, Rev. S. Aiken, Rev. Samuel Barrett, Edmund Quincy Esq, and S. Barrett, Prineipal of the Adams school, Boston. 3t.

HOWITT'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.—*WEEKS, JORDAN* & CO. publish this day—Mary Howitt's Tales, in verse, with many engravings.

This completes the series of three, by Mary Howitt, forms a beautiful set for children, in good style and of high moral character. The first is MARY HOWITT'S TALES IN PROSE with many engravings; and MARY HOWITT'S NATURAL HISTORY.

'Sweet Mary Howitt! Her name brings a magic with it, let us see it when and where we will; it is one crowned with plesant associations, telling of wisdom learned by the wayside and under the hedgerows, breathing perfumes—*not* the perfumes of balls and routs, but of violets and wild flowers.'—*New Month.*

W., J. & Co. have lately published about twenty new Books for the Young, all of which are of a high moral character and beautifully illustrated. d 15

BOARD.—Good board and lodgings may be obtained, by members of the Legislature, in a respectable private family, by inquiring at the Office of the Christian Register. ep4t 22

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR 1839.

THIS day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. the *Christian Examiner, No. XC.* January 1839.

CONTENTS.

I. Catholicism in Italy.
II. Old Painters.
III. Rev. Samuel H. Stearns.
IV. Lockhart's Life of Scott.
V. Ackermann's Christian in Plato.
VI. William Tell.
VII. The Christian Teacher.
Notices and Intelligence. 134 Washington street.
dec 29

☞ *EDUCATION.* ☜

THE Winter Quarter at Milton Academy will commence on Tuesday, December 4th. The studies pursued are such as are usually attended to in academies and high schools.

Terms,—Tuition, Five Dollars per term; incidental expenses, 25 cents.

Good boarding may be obtained in the family of the Principal from $1 50 to $2 00 per week.

References—Dr A. Holbrook, Milton; Dr Gray, Roxbury; Dr Spooner, Dorchester; Hon. Abel Cushing and Samuel H. Babcock, Boston. 8tis d1

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.

The House I live in, or the Human Body. Fourth edition—revised and stereotyped since it was republished in London. For the Use of Families and Schools. By Dr. Wm. A. Alcott, Author of the Young Husband, Young Wife, Young Mother, Young Man's Guide, &c.

The great difficulty of making a subject which has hitherto been deemed dry and unintelligible, at once agreeable and interesting to the young mind, has led the author of this volume to describe the human body as a House.

The work treats, first on the Frame—consisting of the bones, muscles, tendons, &c.; secondly, of the Covering—consisting of the skin, hair, nails, eyes, ears, &c; and thirdly, of the Apartments and Furniture—by which are meant the interior cavities and organs. Nearly every anatomical and physiological term which appears in the work is so used or so explained as to be at once clearly understood and apprehended. The subject is illustrated by numerous Engravings.

This work has received the high commendation of Dr. Reynolds, of Boston, as well as of other gentlemen of the highest standing in Europe and America, together with that of the Press in all parts of the country. Mrs. L. H. Sigourney has also spoken of it in warm terms of approbation.

'We have examined it with much pleasure. It communicates highly important information in Anatomy and Physiology, in a very interesting manner. The author, by his Library of Health, &c., and now by this neat little volume, has done and is doing an important work, in regard to one branch of popular education, which has been hitherto too much neglected. Society will reap good from his sowing.'—*Christian Register.*

'It is full of instruction and entertainment. It gives as plain and simple a description of the human body as it is possible to write.'—*Philadelphia Com. Gazette.*

☞ Besides having been republished in London, the Teachers in the famous Institution of Count Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, in Switzerland, make it one of the regular exercises of their pupils in French, to translate it into that language.

This Day published by GEO. W. LIGHT, 1 Cornhill. and 126 Fulton Street, New York. d29

MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE.

MR ALCOTT will re-open his School, at his dwelling, No. 6 Beach Street, on Monday, October first, for the admission of children of both sexes, from four to twelve years of age.

Instruction will be given in Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, and English Grammar; with the Latin and French Languages, if desired.

Particular attention will be given to the general discipline of the intellectual faculties, and to the manners and morals of the pupils.

Terms—for the English studies $8.00 a quarter.
—with Latin and French 12.00 "
for children under five years of age 6.00 "

Boston, Sept. 29, 1838. 3m

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.

Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Mussey, J. T. Buckingham, Jr Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.

The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.

The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.

Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
" one quarter, { Winter or Spring, 50 } in
{ Summer or Fall, 45 } advnce.

Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $20, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.

Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.

Painting in Water Colors, $6 a quarter.

Drawing taught to all the School without additional charge.

Any one branch other than Music, $10 a quarter.

Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.

Teacher of Music, Charles Zeuner, President of the Handel Haydn Society, Boston.

Teacher of Modern Languages, L. de Mariotti, University, Parma.

Teacher of Drawing, Painting, and Assistant Principal, Mrs. Mack.

Competent Young Ladies assist in various branches, one of whom, at least resides in the family of the Principal.

D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Nov. 10*th,* 1838. nov 24

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS, 101 State street, has constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 istf

MEADOWS'S NUGENT'S DICTIONARY.—A new French and English Pronouncing Dictionary, on the basis of Nugent's, with many new words in general use, in two parts:—French and English and English and French; exhibiting the pronounciation of the French in pure English sounds, the parts of speech, gender or French nouns, regular and irregular conjugation of verbs, accent of English words, list of the usual Christian and proper names, and names of countries and nations; to which are prefixed principles of French pronunciation and an abridged grammar; by F. C. Meadows, M. A. of the university of Paris; 4th American edition, corrected and improved, by George Folsom, M. A. on fine paper; for sale to the trade or at retail, by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. d8

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, for December.—Contents: The Stove and Grate Setter, by H. F. Gould—Charade—Story of Edward and the Parrot—Horatio Nelson, the English Admiral—Black Hawk and Tecumseh—A Visit from St Nicholas—The Happy Christmas—Destruction of a Rhinoceros in India—Gleanings and Recollections, by Miss Leslie—Drawing for Young Children, continued from the last number, with 4 pages of copies for drawing.

The above number completes the sixth volume, and is accompanied with a handsome frontispiece and contents for the whole volume. A new volume will begin with the January

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSELVER.

MORNING PRAYEY.

'Domine, ne in furore.'

[BY O. W. W.]

I.

O Lord! prove not this Heart
With more of sorrow than its strength may bear;
Before thy love—like shadows of the air,
O let my doubts depart.
Feeble and weak, what help can I discover,
If thy true hope shine not my spirit over.

II.

Like a vain Summer Bird
That wanders far from his forsaken nest,
So have I roved—so longs my soul for rest,
And Love's endearing word.
Where shall the Wanderer stay his steps so lonely,
But in thy way and in thy presence only?

III.

Receive me, Lord, again,
Forgetting not my errors—but with kind
And gentle guidance, wooing back my mind,
As with a golden chain:
Without thy chastening—Sin the bond might sever;
Beneath thy stern rebuke—I sink forever.

IV.

With a vain hope of bliss,
I sought the gay allurements of the Earth;
But Peace—within her wildest scene of mirth,
Man destined is to miss.
A morning sun—of which Night dims the glory,
Makes up the measure of Life's fleeting story.

V.

Hope comes alone from Thee,
With radiant aspect and unchanging guise,
O Lord! And now, my dim and erring eyes
Its brightness fain would see.
To the glad Fountain of Life's peaceful River,
Recal me, Lord, that I may drink forever!

For the Register and Observer.

LINES TO AN OLD FAMILY CLOCK.

BY MRS JANE E. LOCKE.

Thou tireless monitor, still dost thou stand,
On the same spot where first my infant eye
Thy glittering pendulum caught and stealthy hand,
That notes the moments as they hurry by;

Ay, and hast stood counting the seasons o'er,
While nought thy upraised finger ever feared;
Till thou hast numbered up the years three score,
Since thy monition 'tick' was earliest heard.

Thou 'st many a scene recorded, faithful one,
Of childhood mirth, and joy's more chastened flow;
And ever kept thy solemn sentry lone,
Through birth, and bridal, and funereal woe!

And thou hast noted bitter partings too,
At the dear parent threshold, oft with tears,
While some who went and uttered there, adieu,
No more returned to gladden after years.

And never didst thou falter in thy round,
Save once—'twas when the master laid him down
In the still midnight, while the cords that bound
Him here, asunder burst, and showed a heavenly crown.

Then didst thou pause, and from thine office shrink,
Still pointing to the moment when he died,
As suddenly endued with power to think,
And that occasion fit'st of all beside!

Oft as I think of thy enamelled face,
Scenes thou hast noted on my memory free,
Rise thick; again in that familiar place
I seem to stand, holding companionship with thee.

Thou wert as one among the household band,
And 'fair befall' thee whatsoe'er thy lot;
Beneath the parent roof e'er didst thou stand,
But soon that place like mine may know thee not.

But 'fair befall' thee, long familiar one,—
Hold fast the secrets thou hast ne'er revealed,
Servant of Time, when thou'st thy errand done,
'Mong sacred relics may thy form be sealed.

Lowell, Dec. 1838.

The following beautiful lines were written by Mrs Sigourney, for the fair recently held at Roxbury, the avails of which are to be appropriated for the purchase of a bell for the Elliot church, Mr Abbot's.

THE CHURCH BELL.

When glowing in the eastern sky,
The Sabbath morning meets the eye
And o'er a weary, care-worn scene
Gleams like the ark-dove's leaf of green,
How welcome over hill and dale
Thy hallowed summons loads the gale,
Sweet Bell!—Church Bell!

When earthly joys and sorrows end,
And toward our long repose we tend,
How slow thy mournful tone doth call
The weepers to the funeral,
And to the last abode of clay,
With solemn toll mark out the way,
Sad Bell!—Church Bell!

If to the clime where pleasures reign,
We through a Savior's love attain,
If ever to an angel's thought
Earth's unforgotten scenes are brought,
Will not thy voice that warned to prayer,
Be gratefully remembered there?
Blest Bell!—Church Bell!

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY. L. E. L.

It is the fruit of waking hours
When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low thatch'd roof,
The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days
Past in a gloomy room,
When others are abroad to taste
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store
And miss'd while it is given:
'Tis given—for the claims of earth
Are less than those of heaven.

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor,
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debarred.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness;
They sleep on silk and down,
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal
With small pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.

They never by their window sit,
And see the gay pass by;
Yet take their weary work again,
Though with a mournful eye.

The rich, they give—they miss it not—
A blessing cannot be,
Like that which rests, thou widow'd one,
Upon thy gift and thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Mr Buckingham's Lectures on Palestine, as reported for the New-York Observer]

BETHLEHEM.

Passing over the plain of Esdraelon, and leaving Tabor and Carmel on the right, we pass through Samaria, and travelling south, arrive at BETHLEHEM; a spot second only to Jerusalem in the interest it excites in every Christian bosom. It lies six miles from Jerusalem, in a direction nearly due south from that city. It is called in scripture 'the city of David,' having not only been the place of his birth, but his frequent resort for recreation and repose. This is not astonishing, since it must have been endeared to him by many tender recollections, and by all those fond associations which carried him back to his youthful days, when he was a shepherd's boy. Here were the fields in which he tended his father's flock, and here that bubbling brook, from which he filled his scrip with smooth pebble stones, when he went forth to meet Goliath. To us, it is yet more hallowed, as being the spot consecrated by the birth of Messiah. Jerusalem stands on the barren ridge of Mount Zion; and it is on a continuation of the same ridge that the road conducts you thence to Bethlehem. The ride has few attractions. It is destitute alike of verdure and of shade. The landscape around is dark colored, parched and dry, and the way monotonous and tiresome. But when you come to the edge of the ridge, Bethlehem, with all its beautiful environs, bursts at once upon the view. It presents the appearance of a large natural hill, having a rocky base, but its sides clothed with soil and verdure, rising in the centre of a rich and fertile valley. Rills of water interspersed with perpendicular rocks are seen around; and the whole assemblage has a romantic beauty, which reminds one of the description of the Happy Valley in Dr Johnson's Rasselas.

Many interesting associations connect the spot with the pages of scripture. On the fields before you sat those sheperds, keeping watch over their flocks by night, to whom the first annunciation of the Savior's birth was made by a vision of angels. The sweetness of the locality might well tempt them to select it as a pasture ground, and it is still a favorite resort of those who are similarly employed. I was forcibly struck with the number of sheep in view at once, and the numerous groups of tents in which the shepherds had formed little encampments for their families. It accounted for those frequent allusions to pastoral life, which we meet in the Psalms of David. In the height and plenitude of his regal power, he seems never to have forgotten the employments and impressions of his youth. The shepherds, however, of Judea are a very different class of beings from those who bear the same name in Europe, and their habits and the peculiarities of their employment fully illustrate many passages of the Bible, which, to a western reader, want half their real force and beauty. In England we have shepherds; but they are persons of no great importance or consideration. They are taken from the inferior ranks of society, and usually hired by the year, like other agricultural laborers, by our great landed proprietors. These are never seen tending their own flocks; it would be beneath their station in society. The condition of their shepherds is an humble one. They never have an interest in the flocks they tend, and are induced to faithfulness chiefly by a desire to retain their place and earn their daily bread. They have little to do; and as they watch over considerable numbers of sheep scattered widely over the downs, they do not know one sheep from another. But in Palestine, the flock is not thus widely scattered; the sheep feed in closer companies; the shepherd is the owner, and has a deep interest in the preservation of the flock; he lives among them with his family, in tents, removing from place to place, wherever the sheep go to graze; his very infants know the sheep, as it were, personally, call them by name, are intimately acquainted with their condition and strongly attached to them; and no wonder; for their father's flock is their little world. The shepherd himself knows each sheep individually, by its countenance, or voice. I have seen a hundred brought to a shepherd, and he could find any particular sheep that he wished, and point it out with readiness. It seems strange to a European, to whom the faces of the sheep seem all pretty much alike, to witness the proofs of this particular and individual knowledge of one from another. It is sometimes carried so far that a shepherd can tell his sheep when blindfolded, by the different sounds of their voices,—an experiment I have myself witnessed. In the time of yeaning, while the ewes are weak, and the lambs tender, or during an interval of severe weather, the shepherd's family will abridge themselves of their comforts, sooner than that the flock shall suffer want; nor will they partake of their own repast, or seek their own repose, until the sheep have first been fed, and placed in safety. How beautifully does all this illustrate the promise,—'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall carry the lambs in his bosom, and gently lead those which are with young!' No one can fully appreciate all the beauty and force of that figure, who has not been in the East: and when the ministers of Christ are called pastors, and shepherds of the sheep, there is a fulness of meaning comprised in the term, to which those who dwell in other countries must remain comparatively strangers. To me it seems at once to settle a question which has sometimes been raised, as to the degree of association and intimacy which ought to subsist between a minister and his people. If he is to be to them what an Eastern shepherd is to the flock committed to his care, then certainly no association can be too frequent, no intimacy can be too close; he should know them each one personally, and be acquainted, if it were possible, with their inmost heart. When Jesus Christ, says, 'I am the good shepherd,' he says all that language can express, and comprises, in one word, a whole world of meaning.

Entering into Bethlehem, you perceive that it is larger than Nazareth, and having a population of about ten thousand souls. It is walled, and some of the ancient towers still remain, though disfigured by subsequent additions of much inferior excellence, the work of the Mohammedans. The only object of intense interest which attracts a Christian traveller is, the spot supposed to have been that of the manger where Christ was born. There can be few doubts as to its identity, although a European, on first beholding it, is apt to be incredulous. For it is a cave, or crypt; and we in Europe and America, regard a stable as some sort of building above ground. A farther acquaintance, however, with the customs of the East, will convince him, that what at first raised his doubts, ought, in fact, to strengthen his belief. Caverns are there universally preferred for the stabling of animals; and there is very good reason for it. The vicissitudes of heat and cold are greater, and more sudden, in Palestine, than even in this country. I have witnessed, in a single day, a change of 58 deg. if Farenheit. Against such rapid and trying vicissitudes, man can, in some degree, protect himself, by the use of fire, and of extra clothing; but this the animals cannot do; and they require that man should care for them. A cave is a natural provision, affording a much better safeguard against these extremes of heat and cold than such slight wooden buildings as we erect for stables. When the thermometer rises to 100, as it often does in Palestine, the animals are driven into a cavern, where they are cooler than in any building whatever. Here, too, they are sheltered at night from bitter sleet and frost; and in the winter, if the cold is very intense, fires are sometimes kindled at the entrance of the cave, by which all the air it contains is raised to a comfortable temperature. David who was a shepherd, and often a wanderer, was well acquainted with such caves, and often sought them as his own place of refuge; and the Scripture will be found to contain many allusions of which the fact I have now stated furnishes a satisfactory illustration. Besides, were it otherwise, a locality so remarkable and so impressive as the birth place of Jesus Christ must necessarily have been, from an early period, to his followers, having become once known, was not likely ever after to be forgotten, or mistaken, so long as a single Christian either resided in the town, or resorted to it. It was a favorite resort, too, as we know, to pious Jews belonging to the tribe of David.

[From the Christian Mirror.]

A LEAF FROM THE SCHOOL MASTER'S DIARY.

The lady, where I board, has an interesting little boy, four years old. Sunday morning, he rose early, and skipping up to his mother, put his arms about her neck in the most filial and delightful manner.

'I guess I shall go in, and eat with grandma'm, this morning.'

'Be washed, my son, and have on your clean clothes, and you may go.'

Grandmother's room—The boy enters.

'I have got on my clean clothes, and have come to take breakfast with you, grand-ma'm.'

'Well, you may go back—I dont want any boy with *me*, that spits on the floor.'

(The little boy's countenance suddenly changing, from the most smiling good nature, to a look of indignant and mortified feeling) 'I dont care—you are cross to me—you *dont love* me, and I wish you would clear out.'

To wind up the scene that commenced so agreeably, the boy was reprimanded, and made to beg his grandmother's pardon for his sauciness, and the cup of his joy was overturned for *that* day?

Here was a specimen, worthy of notice, of the impropriety too often exhibited in the deportment of old persons towards children, where the intention is undoubtedly good. In this instance, the child had done wrong, and had been duly corrected, at the time, by those whose duty it was to call him to an account. He had confessed his fault, and with tears promised to do so no more—Twenty four hours had elapsed, since the affair was settled, when the sweet fellow, brimful of innocence and affection, went in, to breakfast with his grandmother, as he had often been invited, and often done, very much to the gratification of both. He expected to be received, as formerly, with open arms—but he was repulsed with frowns, and angry words. The bright current of his thoughts full of joy, was abruptly turned back upon his offences that had been once forgiven, and that ought no more to be brought against him; at least, until he should commit the like again. He was needlessly provoked, and the effect was natural, and such as might have been expected.

'Parents, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged.' Lest they be soured, and hardened, in their tempers, and disheartened in the performance of such amiable acts, as deserve the approbation, and are calculated to gain the love of their parents, and friends. It is well to commend children for doing *right*, as it is to reprove them for doing *wrong*—that they may as early, and as much, as possible, be incited to praiseworthy deeds. They should be punished for their offences with the utmost caution, and always in such a manner, that it may appear *evident* to *them*, that their good is had in view. And it should be done, at a proper season, and not in the presence of witnesses: And they should not afterwards be distanced by a forbidding manner. If displeasure be manifested towards them when they behave *well*, as when they behave *ill*;—if they be unnecessarily vexed and mortified, the natural consequence is to discourage them in well-doing.

Nothing earthly, can virtuous people desire more, than the welfare and happiness of their children, and children's children, to promote which, they will exert all the influence they have. But the most favorable effect can only be produced by the operation of love; not that fitful fondness, that smiles, one day, on what it frowns upon the next,—but that uniform, consistent, abiding principle, duly exemplified under all circumstances, which takes hold of the heart, and begets its likeness there,—which moulds, corrects, and purifies the moral character of the child. Love begets love. How often grey hairs have gone down with sorrow to the grave, because their children have treated them with neglect, inattention, and cruelty!—not knowing, that they reaped but the natural fruits of the seed they sowed.

The want of proper respect and proper conduct, in the young, towards the aged, is a very common evil; for which, a remedy has been sought too much, in furnishing lessons to childrey and youth; and not enough, in admonishing older persons of their share in the fault. If we would have our children love us, we must love *them*;—if we would have them treat *us* kindly, and respectfully, we must *first treat them* so. They are creatures of imitation, and we must do to them as we would have them do unto us.

The remains of the venerable Martha Washington, have been placed by her relatives in a marble Sarcophagus, similar in all respects (save the decorations) to the one that contains the ashes of the Chief. The Sarcophagus is of white native marble, and executed by Mr. Struthers in his best style. Upon the lid is inscribed—

MARTHA,
THE CONSORT OF WASHINGTON,
ÆTATIS 71.

It is proposed early in the Spring, to erect two crypts or cells, one on each side of the entrance to the Family Vault, to receive the Sarcophagi, the coverings to be of zinc or copper, —the present vault of arched brick work, from excessive damps, being extremely unfavorable for the preservation of the remains.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

The Warren (R. I.) Star contained the other day an obituary notice in which the following sentence occurred: 'How striking a manifestation of the truth of the Divine declaration that, "In the midst of life we are in death."' The writer believed no doubt, that he was quoting from the bible. How far he was in error, the following anecdote from an English periodical may illustrate.

The late Robert Hall was one morning visited by a clerical friend, "You have found me said he, "employed in preparing a sermon for next Lord's day." "A very important work." said the clergyman; "may I ask what text you have chosen?" "In the midst of life, we are in death," said Mr. Hall. "A most solemn and interesting passage, of which I have had frequent occasion to make use. Pray tell me where are these words?" "I do not immediately recollect," said Mr. Hall. "But from what book are they taken?" "From the Bible certainly." "Have a care," said the clergyman smiling; "have a care. It will sound rather oddly if Robert Hall should get up in a Baptist pulpit on Sunday next, and should say, Brethren, in the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church, and in one of the prayers used at the Burial Service, you will find the following words!" Mr. Hall smiled, and acknowledged he was not aware of the source from which he had derived the solemn admonition.

THE SEA'S BOTTOM. The bottom of the basin of the sea seems to have inequalities like those of the surface of the continents. Were it dried up, it would present valleys and plains. It is covered almost throughout by an immense quantity of testaceous animals, or those who have shells, intermixed with sand and grain. The bottom of the Adriatic Sea is composed of a compact bed of shells several hundred feet in thickness. A celebrated diver, employed to decend into the Strait of Messina, saw there, with horror, enormous polypi attached to the rocks, the arms of which, being several feet long, were more than sufficient to strangle a man; in many seas, the eye perceives nothing but a bright, sandy, plain bottom, extending for several hundred miles without an intervening object. But in others, particularly in the Red Sea, it is very different; the whole body of this extensive bed of water is, literally speaking, a forest of submarine plants and corals, formed by insects for their habitation, sometimes branching out to a great extent. Here are seen the madrepores, spouges, mosses, sea mushrooms, and various other things, covering every part of the bottom. The bed of many parts of the sea near America presents a very different though a very beautiful appearance. This is covered with vegetables, which make it look as green as a medow; and beneath are thousands of turtles and other sea animals feeding thereon. There are some places of the sea where no bottom has yet been found; still it is not bottomless. The mountains of continents seems to correspond with what are called the abysses of the sea. The highest mountains do not rise above 25,000 feet; and, allowing for the effect of the elements, some suppose that the sea is not beyond 36,000 feet in depth. Lord Mulgrave used, in the Northern Ocean, a very heavy sounding lead, and gave out, along with it, cable rope to the length of 4,680 feet, without finding the bottom. But the greatest depth hitherto sounded was by Capt. Scoresby, who, in the Greenland Seas, could find no bottom with 1,200 fathoms or 7,200 feet of line. According to Laplace its mean depth is about two miles, which, supposing the generally received estimate correct, as to the proportion the extent of the water bears to the dry land on the earth's surface, would make about two hundred and eighty millions of cubic feet of water.—*Rev. C. Williams's Works.*

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'Here Donald,' said he, 'take your pipes, lad, and gie's a blast. So, verra weel blawn indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? Ye may blaw for ever without making a tune o't if I dinna tell ye how the queer things on the paper maun help ye.—Ye see that big fellow wi' a round open face (pointing to a semibreve between the two lines of a bar,) he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat ane wi' your fist and gie a long blast; if now he put a leg to him, ye mak' two o' him and he'll move twice as fast, and if ye black his face, he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but if after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his legs, he'll hop eight times faster than the white faced chap that I showed you first. Now whene'er you blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this, that the tighter these fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance.'

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